THE BYSTANDER
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JANUARY 8, 1935

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The BYSTANDER

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GOSSIP GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

1/=

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"THE lives and loves of the great have probably kept more pens busy than any other subject since the dawn of history. But how pitifully few of these records end in anything resembling the normal ideal of happiness!

"When, therefore, the historian comes across a story like that of Maria Gonzaga, Duchess of Monferrato, in the early seventeenth century, he is conscious of a sense of almost triumphant relief. For here is a tale to delight all hearts, in the best and fullest romantic tradition.

"'The noble house of Gonzaga,' says an old Italian writer, 'forgetful of its ancient valour and wisdom, had given itself up to luxury and intemperance. Three brothers had successively filled the ducal chair of Mantua, and each had distinguished himself, not by restoring any vigour to a decaying line, but by introducing new modes and forms of vice.'

"A severe enough indictment, but well merited.

"In those turbulent times, Italy was composed of a number of petty states, each with its ruling family. Frequently the castles of these feudal dukes and princes became the courts of despots wherein there could be no right of appeal against arrogance and tyranny of the worst order. One such despot was Francesco, eldest of the three brothers referred to. With his accession to the duchies of Mantua and Monferrato began the decline of the house of Gonzaga. Francesco proved a vicious scoundrel whose sole aim was the gratification of his desires by means of the vast wealth at his disposal. His wretched wife, after many years of ill-treatment, finally died in giving birth to their daughter, Maria. Very shortly after Francesco himself was dead, and the way lay clear for his brother Ferdinando to assume the titles. This he did with typical unscrupulousness, styling himself Duke of Mantua and Monferrato, in spite of the fact that the Duchy of Monferrato should now belong, in her own right, to the Infant Maria. This situation, being likely to give rise to the most annoying complications, he took immediate steps to deal with it. . .

* * *

"When she had composed herself a little, Maria went out into the garden to await the carriage which was to take her to Mantua. She had not been there long before a voice called softly '*Highness!*'

"The next moment a man stepped out from behind one of the stone buttresses.

"'I beg of you, Highness, do not be alarmed. I am a friend who wishes only to warn and to help you.'

"Maria stared at him, speechless.

"Then, why do you call me 'Highness'? she whispered.

"The man smiled, revealing flashing teeth that enhanced his dark good looks. He was young, well made, and carried himself with distinction, though his clothing was plain and unpretentious. 'I shall tell you.'

"He led her to a seat in the shadow of the wall. His touch was gentle but masterful, and she followed him obediently.

"'You must listen carefully, for I have to speak quickly. My time is short. And you must trust me. You must believe implicitly that I am telling you the truth because I wish to help you.'

"She nodded dumbly, her eyes fixed on his face.

"Glancing round to make sure he was unobserved, the young man launched into rapid explanation of the deception that had been practised on Maria. When she would have protested that she had no wish to be a duchess, he silenced her, for he had much to tell.

"With the accession of the last Gonzaga in the direct line, she had become a personage of much importance and was coveted in marriage by three princes—the Duke of Rhetel, Prince Ferrand of Guastalla, and, most powerful of all, Duke Vincenzo, *her uncle*, whose coach was now on its way to fetch her. . .

* * *

"She was conducted, on arrival, to the banqueting hall, where the duke and his dissolute court were at meat. On the threshold she paused, bewildered at the scene confronting her. She saw tables piled with gold and silver plate, fragments of food and overturned bottles from which the wine dripped on to the floor in crimson pools. Around them, in every stage of drunkenness and abandon, lolled the gorgeously clad courtesans and parasites of the Court.

"When the duke rose and came towards her, her first sensation was one of profound relief. This was no hideous ogre, but a graceful and handsome man, who greeted her with disarming courtesy.

"Only, as he approached and she saw him more closely, her reassurance faded abruptly. Here was a face so ravaged by vice that it resembled that of an old man, and his eyes, belying the smiling mouth, were cold and evil as a snake's. His near presence affected her with such horror that she had to force herself to stand her ground and not run from him, screaming . . ."

You'll enjoy every word of it—"The Romance of Maria di Monferrato," written by Nina Warner Hooke. Illustrated by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

There are these to read, too:

HOW TIMES *DO* CHANGE: . . . No. 1: Schools.
"A DEBT OF HONOUR": *by Richard Keverne.*
INTO THE ROBOT AGE: *by C. Patrick Thompson.*
A GENTLEMAN FROM PERSIA: *by Harry J. Greenwall.*
TWO-DAY STUDIO TOUR: *by Margaret Chute.*
"THE BELLOWING DEVIL": *by C. T. Stoneham.*
"ORANGE BLOSSOM": *by Joseph Shearing.*
THE SÛRETÉ AT BAY: *by Ferdinand Tuohy.*
"BIG NEWS": *by Hannen Swaffer.*
"THE PAINTING OF THE MASK": *by Princess Paul Troubetzkoy.*
HELP FOR HOME DECORATORS: *by Winifred Lewis.*
HEALTH AND BEAUTY: *by "Chrysis."*
RADIO FOR MODERN ROOMS.
WALLPAPERS ARE VERSATILE: some 1935 designs.
OLD TALES RE-TOLD: The Romance of Maria di Monferrato: *by Nina Warner Hooke. Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.*
"FIFTY YEARS AGO": *by A. A. H. Beaman.*
BOOKS REVIEWED: *by Arnold Palmer.*
FIVE-MINUTE HEALTH EXERCISES for busy Women.
A LEADER OF FASHION: *by Jean Burnup.*
OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES: "The Barretts"—the Essex Home of Miss Dodie Smith.
I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW: *by Mary Young.*
PUT YOUR KITCHEN IN UNIFORM: *by Audrey Hughes.*
INDOOR GARDENS: *by D. E. Bennam.*
PAPER PATTERN SERVICE FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER.
NURSERY PUDDINGS WITH A DASH: *by A. H. Adair.*
THE BEST DISHES FROM OTHER COUNTRIES—AMERICAN.
MY COOK SAYS: *by Anne Drewe.*
MOTORING SECTION: *conducted by the Earl of Cardigan.*

OH! YOU MUST GET . . . BRITANNIA AND EVE

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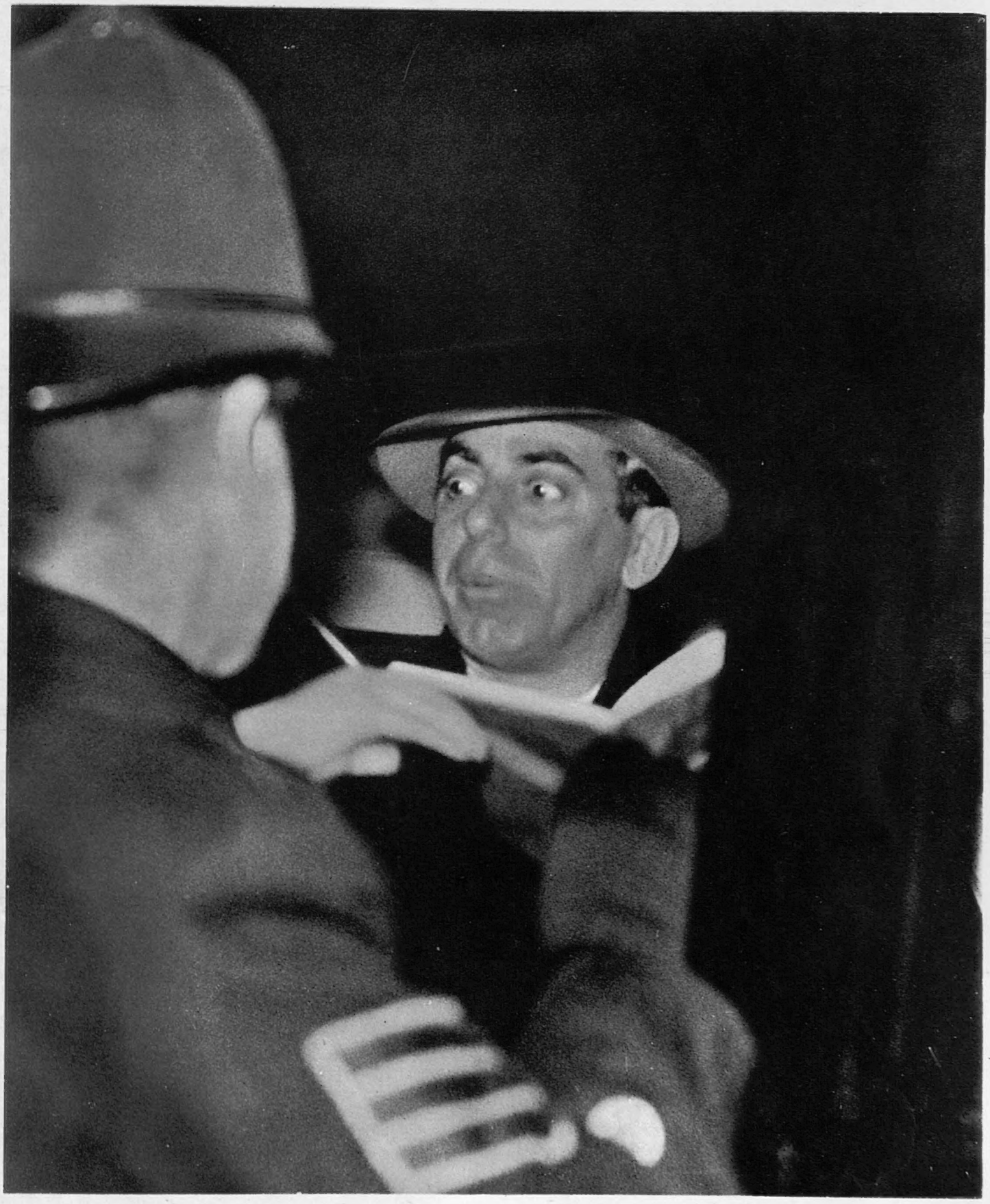
3412P283

The Bystander, January 8, 1935

The BYSTANDER

No. 1621. Vol. CXXV.



"I Think Your London Police Are . . ."

EDDIE CANTOR

Two Ski-Captains

Roger Bushell, captain of the British team in the Anglo-Swiss Universities race, and Billy Clyde, son of W. P. Clyde, of New York, another member of the British ski team, and an ex-captain of Oxford

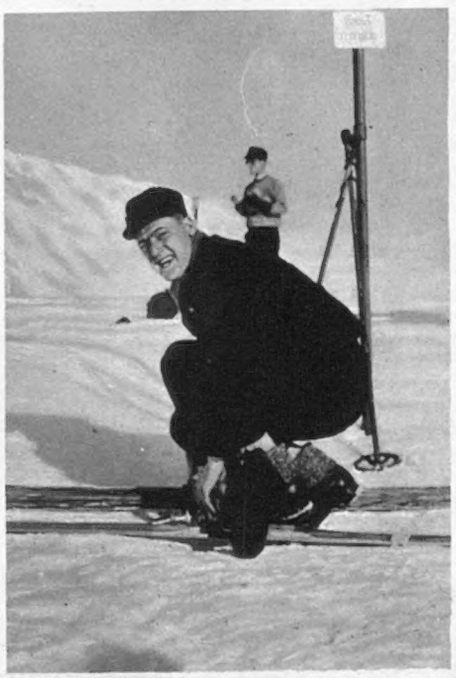
All Good Men on "the Run"

A group of Cresta riders before the race for the Fiske Cup, including A. J. Outran, the Hon. Benjamin Bathurst, W. Fiske, E. C. Monell, R. Ponjallez, Baron Gevers, J. Lawrence, L. J. Pratt and Major Oliver, the secretary. L. J. Pratt won the race, which was over the Cresta from Stream Corner

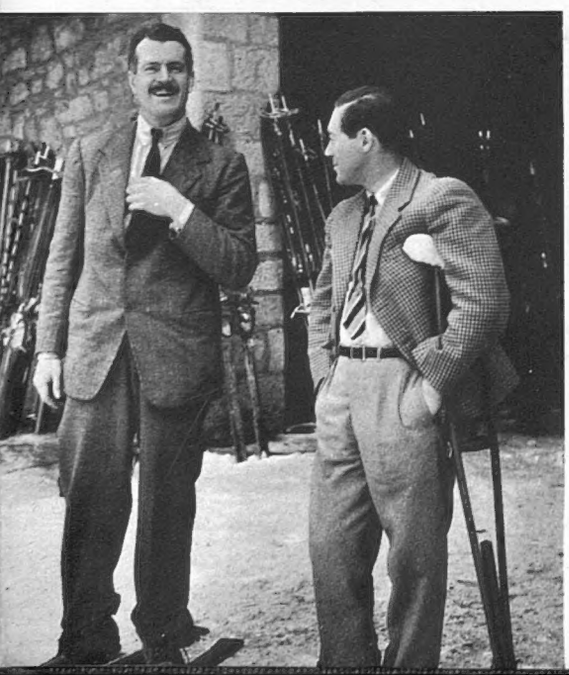
One Oxford and Two Cambridge

Up and Down the Mountains

How the Winter Sports World Wags Its Head At St. Moritz



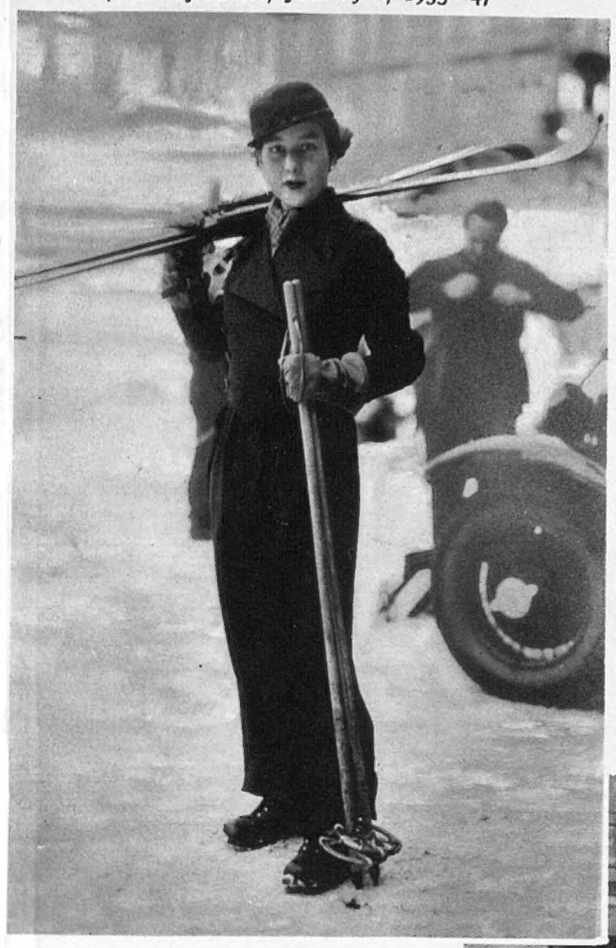
Right: John Crammond fastening the bindings of his skis. He had done all the best times on the Cresta up to that moment, which occurred on a day when there was no Cresta practising, and the experts had to take to skis



Above, left: W. D. Kessler, the Oxford ski-captain, Paddy Green, who does the same job for Cambridge, and Conway Dobson, a former Cambridge Trial Eights man, and now a Gunner

Left: Willie Ross Skinner, Sir Harry Ross Skinner's son, talking to Dickie Winsloe, who had had a crash and so was using crutches instead of any more risky way of progressing over the snow

Right: film-producer Alexander Korda and his attractive wife walking about in St. Moritz, where they have been for a short holiday. Korda's last film was "The Scarlet Pimpernel"



An Ex-Deb Looks Neat

Eileen Watson, who shared Florrie Owen's coming-out party last year, is Mrs. Stewart-Johnston's daughter. She is enjoying her St. Moritz, and no wonder

St. Moritz Smile

The cheerful one is Betty Harbord, Ralph Harbord's sister; she is a winter sports fan, too, and a good bobber herself

Right: the morning scrum for places on the Corviglia funicular. The early ones get away more or less in peace, but the sluggards can't escape the penalty for over-sleeping

Well Known on the Snow

Mrs. John Crammond, whose husband is a fine Cresta rider, is with Ralph Harbord, who also treats the great Run as if it was easy. He is from Yorkshire, and a good cricketer. She is red-haired, and was Ruth Wurrell

And Who Are These?

No other than those rays of sunshine, Leonard Govett and Hamar Bagnall, without whom St. Moritz in general, and the Palace Bar in particular, would be duller and sadder places. They went out to Switzerland for Christmas

Lafayette

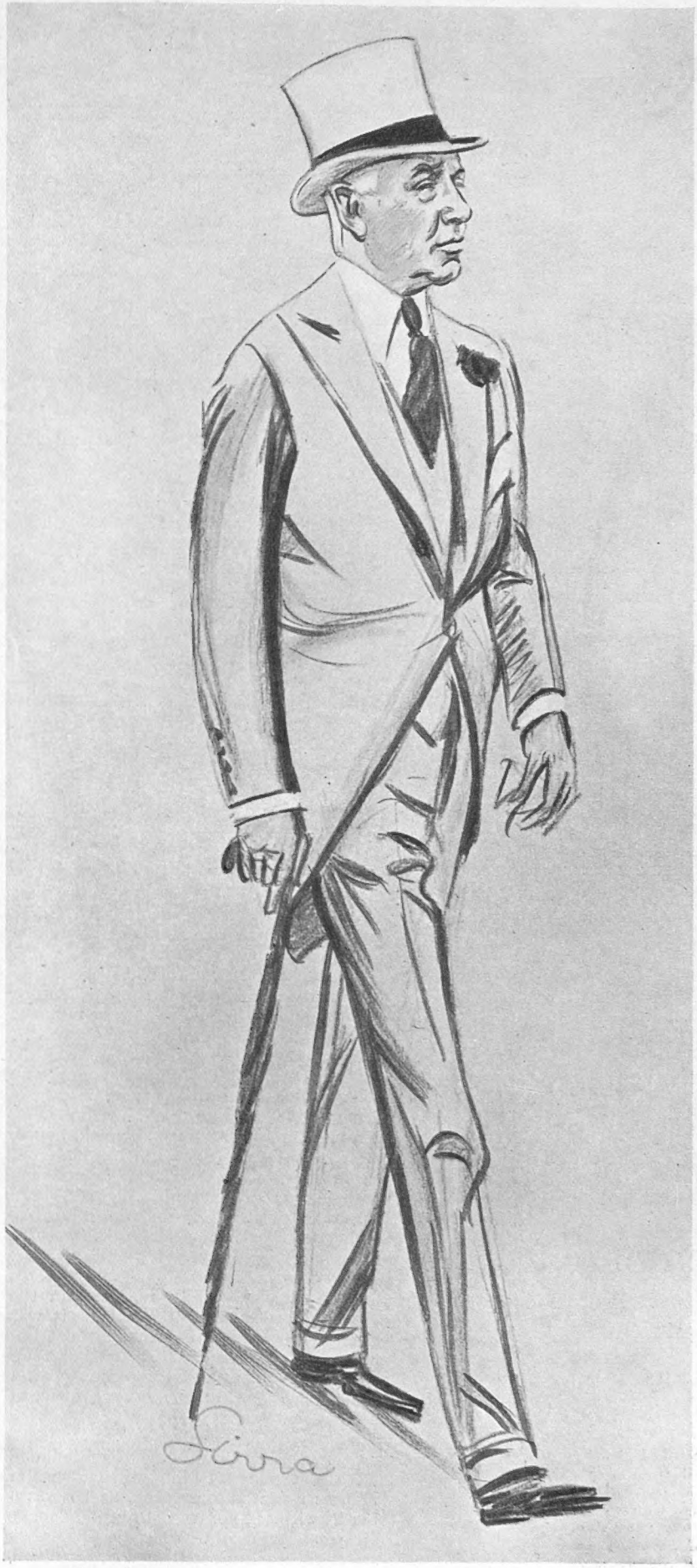
A Scottish Engagement

Lady Grizel Boyle and Mr. Malcolm Wolfe Murray

Malcolm Victor Alexander Wolfe Murray is in the Black Watch is the only son of the late Brig.-General A. A. Wolfe Murray, C.B., and Mrs. Pitman, of the Riggs of Traquair, Inverleithen, and is twenty-six. Lady Grizel Boyle is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, and will be twenty-two this year. On the right are Lady Grizel Boyle and her fiancé at Finlayston, Mrs. Blakiston-Houston's place in Renfrewshire

Staying in Renfrewshire

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO



No. 84

Lord Camrose

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

IT has always seemed to me that Lord Camrose would have made a perfect bishop had he not chosen the pulpit with a larger congregation. He has the fine hands, imposing, smooth-shaven demeanour, calm eyes set well apart, the unruffled disposition, the modulated voice, the kind smile, and even the large family with which one associates bishops. I know. My grandfather was one. To carry the allegory further, he seldom goes to the theatre or the movies. He rarely dines out. He walks and reads more than the average man. He has grey hair, which is one day going to go silver in the best episcopal manner. He talks quietly, now and then rubbing his chin or the lobe of his right ear.

Actually, of course, he is one of the most powerful newspaper proprietors in the world, and achieved a single-handed miracle in turning the *Daily Telegraph* from a dormant eighty thousand to a vigorous three hundred and ninety thousand in three years. It is, I have been told, his private opinion that he is the best sub-editor in Fleet Street. As one who has been "subbed" by more people than anyone else of my age in Fleet Street, I can well believe that this claim is justified. All his life he has been in newspapers. The son of an estate agent in Merthyr Tydfil, he started on a local newspaper at the age of fourteen. The turning-points in his life were the sale of the *Advertising World* (which he founded himself) for seven thousand pounds to Jack Akerman, and the acquirement of the *Sunday Times* in 1914. To-day, at the age of fifty-five, he controls over a hundred publications, if one includes the Amalgamated Press, the purchase of which involved a deal of over six million pounds. By the bye, he once owned the BYSTANDER.

ODDLY enough, though a newspaper proprietor, Lord Camrose does not regard himself either as a financier or a politician. Oddly, too, though he hails from Pembrokeshire, he is over six foot, and has a sense of humour. But when you look into the matter you find that the Berrys are of Flemish extraction, descendants of Huguenots who settled in "Little England beyond Wales" in the time of Henry VIII.

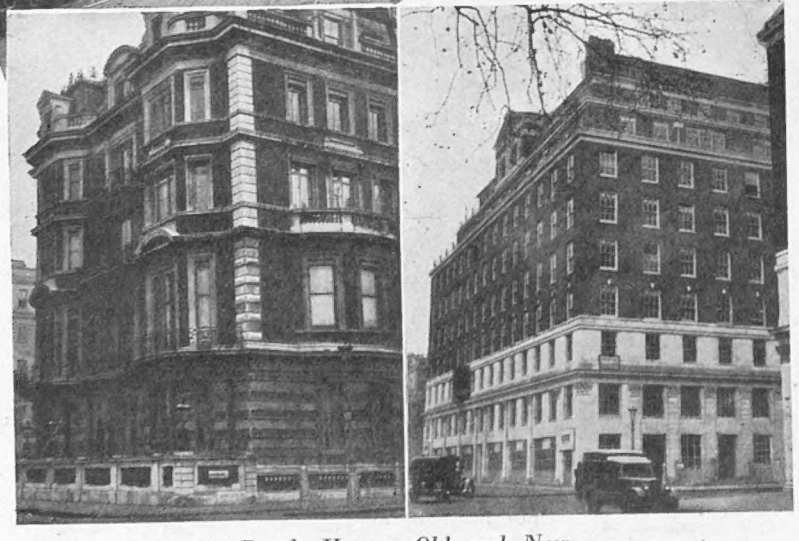
Of his family, I have only met his daughters, Sheila and Patricia. Both are very pretty.

His mannerisms are few. One is his habit of dropping his eyes on occasion when making a speech. Another is the way he smokes a cigar. The late Lord Birkenhead used to mouth a cigar like a small child sucking a lollipop; Winston Churchill grips his like a peasant's cutty; J. H. Thomas treats his cigar like a middle-European biting a frankfürter; Lord Lonsdale like a box-office manager who has been given fifty for Christmas. Lord Camrose gives to a cigar all the respect one should give to a fine sermon or a beautiful woman.

For the rest, he shoots, owns a yacht, wears a carnation all the year round, usually dresses in grey, has his hair cut very close, and gave up golf without regret after twenty years because he could not improve his game.

Devonshire House

Lansdowne House



Brook House—Old and New

Here are Ghosts...

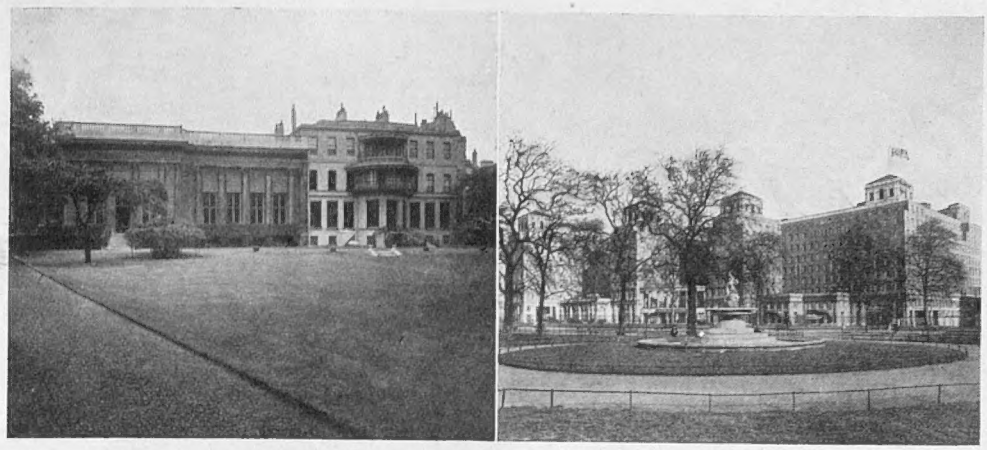
Vanished Palaces of Mayfair

By Mirón

Decoration by Norman Howard

THIS used to be the season for ghost-stories, and even if you do not believe that the demolished Great Houses of Mayfair sometimes appear like phantoms to weary travellers from one cocktail-party to another, in the foggy gloom of our winter evenings, please turn a sympathetic eye for a moment on these Noble Views of palaces which, grim and grimy without, were all-glorious within. Their death-agony was often prolonged through years, until their general decay made the housebreakers' coming a merciful release. The old house, after a season of charity bazaars and exhibitions, was destroyed before us: with shouts of triumph they laid bare the ball-room walls to the winter storms, and all the intimacies of Victorian plumbing were revealed to the vulgar. The solid mahogany doors and marble mantels had previously departed for the board-rooms of the Oil Trusts. It was not only taxation that made them impossible for life in the 'thirties, but their palatial qualities ceased abruptly after the first floor, and modernising was impossible.

A LAST Party was the dignified end to the short life of Dorchester House: a fantastic evening, as I remember it, with temporary lighting that made strange shadows, while some said they smelt the earthy smell of housebreakers, others, again, asserting that they had seen



Grosvenor House—Old and New

pickaxes in the cloak-room. Wreaths very appropriately hung on the bare walls, once covered with the marvellous Titians, Velasquez, Vandycks and Rembrandts which I remember seeing with Sir George Holford, who had no idea of the impending doom. There was still talk of Mussolini buying it for an Embassy, but the house was too grand even for Mussolini. Sir George's father had built it to last for ever, and in 1851 it was opened, in that optimistic year of the Exhibition, with a prophecy that the four-foot walls of Dorchester House would outlast London, " for it is built for endurance, even the stones are dowelled in slate, no mortar being used." (The housebreakers had a word for it—when they came across these dowels.)

At this party, a brilliant company looked down with curiosity on a staircase finer than that of Stafford House, which is no ghost-house, but a mummy, condemned, as the London Museum, to shelter glass cases of figures in bygone party clothes—a horrible end. We wandered through the echoing drawing-rooms giving on to the Park as the band pom-pom'd away the last minutes of the old house. . . .

Dorchester House—

—Old and New

GROSVENOR HOUSE also ended happily in a series of parties before the Duke moved—very modern and typical in this—to the smallest house on his estate, Bourdon House, the old Ebury farmhouse of his ancestress, which had been just the right size for an old aunt of mine. She lived there for forty years, and we enjoyed sliding down the slippery Jacobean staircase and laughing at the last oil-lamps in Mayfair. Grosvenor House parties were very public in their preparations, and on the morning after bus-top passengers would see the caterers removing the fairy-lamps that had outlined the sunk lawns. These stretched from the ball-room French windows on the terrace to the famous tree under which half Mayfair proposed for three generations.

It was all ground floor, and the entrance in Upper Grosvenor Street recalled the private hôtels in Paris, with an awkward turn for the modern car through the iron gates of the stone screen. It was charmingly early Victorian, with the brocaded picture-gallery-ballroom, complete with a colonnade of jaundiced stone pillars, all nicely copied from Trajan's Forum. . . .

THE re-incarnation of Brook House has taken a strange form, for Lady Louis Mountbatten will shortly occupy a pent-house or " duplex apartment " on top of the new flats on the site of her old home. Thus Park Avenue ideas have come to Park Lane. For me, the former house, with its white marble stairs, had mixed memories. The earliest—one of those dinner-parties so alarming in adolescence—was on a warm night, when Sir Ernest Cassel, who hated draughts, like all good Edwardians, had all the windows closed. The walls were hung with brocade (red), the floors carpeted in thick Wilton (red), the curtains, of heavy velvet, were—red. But I was not red : I was white. . . . They brought me to with fine 1830 (probably). Years after, during Lady Louis' minority, Mrs. " Neely " Vanderbilt gave that ball for the Prince, and half London got into the enormous supper-room and very wisely refused to leave it. The last party was the Aeolus musical, when Sir Thomas Beecham blew airs to us from a hidden orchestra, a charming end. . . .

THAT sound old romantic, Mr. Selfridge (does he not hopefully attend first nights, after all these years ?), extracted the fine flower from, and probably prolonged the life of, Lansdowne House, that triumph of Mr. Robert Adam, the death-mask of which has been magnified and reproduced in the new Bruton Club. A famous political centre twenty years ago, and a treasure-house of art, its old age came gradually, with Lady Algy Gordon-Lennox's exhibition of decorative art, ending with the indignity of a car-park on the famous lawns. . . .

PERHAPS the greatest loss to the nation was Chesterfield House, but it had never been a social centre in our affections. It was the only miniature rococo palace in the country and the only representative of the type of eighteenth-century pleasure-house that has survived on the Continent. It had the charm to be felt in Spencer House (now embalmed as a club for gentle-ladies). And it had changed very little since it was opened in 1752 with a famous house-warming described by Walpole. In those days you could see clearly to Hampstead and even to Harrow, and, except for Grosvenor Square and near-by Crewe House, all was country around. The cries could be heard of crowds waiting at Tyburn, on the very site where they now wait more patiently for films of violence.

With its flowered silk hangings, marbles, and delicate white-and-gold plaster tracery, the old house must have been an enchanting home—until one retired to the dark, cramped and bathless upper floor. . . .

THE grandest of all these ghostly houses was historic Devonshire House, which saw two centuries of famous balls and parties. That wonderful house, so English in its insolent unpretentiousness as it squatted there behind forbidding high walls, mud-splashed by countless hansoms, with the park-like garden full of sooty shrubbery and blackened trees, must have been a grand sight in its glory. The great gilt ball-room and red room of Rembrandts, the Venetian saloon, with vast mirrors and domed ceiling with painted wreaths and coronets and the Cavendish motto, the blue-and-silver room of the lovely Georgiana, combined to make the house a fitting town partner for regal Chatsworth. We can think on these glories as we sit in the (more comfortable) chairs of the San Marco restaurant. For all are gone, House and Duke. The old Duke I can just remember in the garden of Compton Place, in the town (Eastbourne) which he made, looking remarkably like God, benevolent, bearded, extending to a small child a fatherly finger of ample proportions. . . .

Listen...

"YES, m'Lord, I did her in, but so help me Gawd, I never wrote 'Listen.'" "Prisoner pleads guilty to the minor offence."

•

PEACE and good will towards all men was not forthcoming in every stately home this past Yuletide, and although out of doors the air was soft and balmy, the atmosphere inside reminded one of the night that good King Wenceslas sallied forth.

•

TWO old school chums had dined together. At the conclusion of an excellent meal one said to the other: "Let's get hold of a couple of girls and go round the town and have some fun." To which the other replied, "No. I'd sooner go to bed and dream." "But dreams are unsatisfactory things, they get you nowhere," replied his friend. "Maybe they are," was the answer; "but I find I get around with a very superior type of young woman that way."

•

JOKES about Hangover Lodge are in the worst possible taste, and the chatelaine, like good Queen Victoria, with whom she has so many sterling qualities in common, "is not amused."

•

"HELL!" said the Duchess, when she found she'd invited a lady and her ex-husband, plus his new wife, on the same week-end party. Fortunately, the party was a sufficiently large one, and the "exes," who didn't happen to be on speaking terms, did not come face to face.

•

WE have always maintained that although you are welcome to dislike almost all and sundry, it is the very essence of good breeding to be on amicable terms with your one-time partners. Otherwise you are continually embarrassing your friends, and what is even worse, you may do yourself out of a good party as, fearing a scene, people may be disinclined to invite you both.

•

ST. MORITZ seems to have been the place to spend Christmas, and so white was the snow, and so bright were the lights, that Lord Warwick could not drag himself away, and we can sympathise with his Lordship. Billy Reardon and D'Arcy Rutherford would make wonderful Christmas companions, and maybe there were others as well, even more dashing.

•

TALKING of St. Moritz, we note with satisfaction that a very rich man has quite forgiven his "sweety," as, indeed, he should have. Last year he sent her to the most expensive hotel for a rest cure, but with the Swiss franc at double strength, she soon found that her bar bill (how that girl can spend other people's money!) was out of all control. In consequence, he swore never to see her again; but putty in the hands of an experienced plumber is adamant compared with a man in the soft hands of a girl who knows her stuff.

POPULAR WOMEN

No. 6.—Lady Brougham and Vaux.

Yevonde

BY common consent London's loveliest blonde, and almost the only woman we know whom it is impossible to fault. Prior to her marriage, and during it, was quiet and mouse-like—nowadays is full of good cheer, and the life and soul of the party. When differences of opinion occur, public opinion is usually divided; in Valerie's case it was unanimous. Has masses of friends of both sexes, her chief friends being her elder sister, Essex, whom she adores, and the Philip Kindersleys. Is devoted to her son and heir, Julian.

WE quite agree, darling, that what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, or vice-versa, but whereas he *was reasonably discreet, you're behaving like a lunatic.*

•

A LOCKED door is a rare safeguard when you're behind it alone, but when there's somebody else with you, it's a death trap; in fact, it's worse than that—it's evidence.

•

"WELL-KNOWN clubman returns home," greeted the return to London of "playboy" Mr. Raymond de Trafford. The West End, however, is seeing very little of "Humphrey's young brother," who seems to prefer the wide, open spaces of Marble Arch to the crowded purlieus of Piccadilly and St. James's.

•

NONI, lovely wife of adored and adoring Lord Inchcape, has been entertaining in her new house in Park Street. Lady Inchcape is a lovely blonde and one of the most natural and unaffected people we know. She is the eldest daughter of "White Rajah" Brooke, and her mother and almost equally attractive brunette sister are at present visiting him in Sarawak. London is waiting to welcome them home with a fanfare of saxophones.

•

SO "Eddy" has sailed once again for America, and there is a dearth of wisecracks and general good cheer in the West End, and an impenetrable gloom pervades our country mansions during the week-end. Since the repeal of the Volstead Act our ambassadors of the wines and spirit trade have no fear that they will end up as guests of the United States Government, as although they appreciate its hospitality, it does cramp their style a bit.

•

NEVER kill the goose that lays the golden egg. You've put up with him for a good many years now, darling, but lately you've taken to flaunting your boy friend in his face, and you can take it from us that he doesn't like it one little bit, so watch your step.

Lady Elizabeth Hare and her youngest brother, the Hon. Alan Hare, who is fifteen, on the nursery slopes, where they were having a ski-ing lesson with an instructor

Lord and Lady Plunket and their two elder sons, Patrick and Robin, have been at the Carlton at St. Moritz for Christmas and the New Year

Princess Alexander of Greece and Her Daughter

The Right Kind of Winter Weather

New Year Photographs From St. Moritz

Left: Princess Alexander of Greece and her daughter, Princess Alexandra, starting off for the Chantarella slopes. There were lots of people seeing the New Year in at St. Moritz last week; the snow has been exceptionally good there for so early in the season

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Here We Are Again!

Sketches by Rouson

"Cinderella" (Drury Lane)

No impious hands are laid upon *Cinderella* in this latest version of the old fairy-tale at Drury Lane, and the most critical child will admit that the story is well and truly kept to. The Good Fairy still spoils Cinderella's night out at the Prince's palace by making it a condition that she shall leave before midnight, when everyone knows that nowadays at that time guests are hardly beginning to arrive, and it still remains a mystery why, though there is obviously Extension Night at the Palace, Cinderella was not permitted to stop on, especially as she did not arrive till after 11.30, and the last quarter of an hour, according to the Drury Lane clock, lasts less than five minutes.

But though the old, old story remains as it was, Drury Lane tradition is not entirely adhered to. It is true the principal boy is of the other sex, as in the days when the majestic Harriet Vernon trod the classic boards; but, to my regret, the Ugly Sisters are played by women, and, with all due respect to the humour imparted to these parts by Ethel Revnell and Gracie West, I still believe the old female impersonator delivered the goods better. Then, again, in a not too dim and distant past, pantomime at Old Drury used to be an occasion when all the popular airs of the day were given a hearing; now, to my regret, the score omits these, and even the National Anthem, which concluded the overture and always had a thrill of its own when everybody in the vast house rose to join in, is not played at that particular juncture.

"Cinderella," at Drury Lane

Ugly Sister Maxie Mumm (Ethel Revnell) forces her attentions on the pseudo prince, Dandini (Clarice Hardwicke)—

—while the real Prince Charming (Phyllis Neilson-Terry) presses his immaculate suit upon the poor, but innocent, Cinderella (June)

And having now given vent to my personal prejudices, let me say that the 1934-5 brand of Drury Lane pantomime, with its gorgeous spectacle and amusing scenes, will assuredly delight young and old, who will also find in June an ideal Cinderella, who has an appealing way with her, whether acting, singing or dancing, which suits this part to perfection. All ages will also appreciate the good-humoured fun of Billy Danvers as Buttons, and if they don't laugh uproariously at the extraordinarily funny acrobatics and knock-about business of The Three Sailors I shall be more than surprised.

The part of Prince Charming is played by Phyllis Neilson-Terry, who imparts to it the gracious condescension with which a Victorian duchess might greet her tenantry after morning service.

In earlier days, at an earlier Drury Lane, the pantomime season was for years associated with a certain Dan Leno, the quaintest of comedians, who was irrepressible even when undergoing the ordeal of a Command Performance at Sandringham, where, on being asked by a member of the household what liquid refreshment appealed to him, he expressed a preference for port, "but not too crusty as I 've got bad teeth."

It is pleasant to see once again on a Drury Lane programme the name of Leno and to note that Dan, Junior, has, like his father, made good as an artist, with the added distinction of being part-author, with the late Julian Wylie, of this pantomime.

VERNON WOODHOUSE

English Authors in an American Setting

Hugh Walpole in Hollywood

Left: Hugh Walpole, novelist, dramatist, critic, and lecturer, thought to become actor, too, and play in the film version of "David Copperfield." He is seen with Jean Hersholt, the Danish film star, who was Mr. Walpole's host at Hollywood, where this picture was taken. Both men are keen book collectors

Below: Noel Coward can be seen sitting, and on his left are Alfred Lunt, Osgood Perkins, and A. Wilson, Noel Coward's producer. Also seated in the foreground is Lynn Fontanne, and she and her husband, Alfred Lunt, are taking the principal parts in Noel Coward's new play entitled "Point Valaine," which was in an early stage of rehearsal when this picture was taken in Boston, where the play was first produced

Vandamm

Noel Coward in Boston

DOLORES DEL RIO

A new portrait of the lovely Mexican whose last film, "The Du Barry," is being released on the 14th. It had a pre-release run at the Carlton in the summer. Dolores del Rio is under contract to First National, who have got a new film planned for her to star in; it's called "In Caliente," the name being the only bit of news about it that has so far crossed the Atlantic

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

WE 'VE just finished *Ciel de Feu*, the latest novel by Léon Daudet, French Royalist leader and master of virile prose. It 's about the next war, due shortly ; a swifter, shorter, and more violent affair than that of 1914—1918. Perhaps you 'd care to hear a bit about it ?

According to M. Daudet, Germany declares war suddenly, without notice, flings her troops, with high-power tanks and artillery, by motor-transport into Belgium and the North of France, and simultaneously bombards Paris and London from the air with high-explosive, fire and plague bombs, catching the population of London, as might be expected, unawares. The theatre of the turning-point of the war is not the Marne this time, but the Loire Valley, where the invaders are held after a terrific battle, and forced to an armistice. The war ends in a month with the almost complete destruction of Paris, London, Hamburg, and Berlin, with heavy civilian loss ; and the German Chief of Staff, receiving his principal officers at a conference soon afterwards, ends his review of the disaster with the simple words : " And now to work for the next ! " M. Daudet's moral is that anyone who trusts Germany, a nation of " barbares savants," is a fool.

Us, Too

WE forgot to add that the German Quartermaster-General, Von Halgen, is a morphinomaniac. Lacking his usual dope on the eve of the final struggle, Von Halgen gives himself an injection of aconitum ferox by mistake and falls dead at G.H.Q. We forgot to add also that Great Britain is in it as well—M. Daudet's book is quite remarkably Anglophile—and the British High Command works much more smoothly with the French than last time.

We shall be able to judge in due course whether M. Daudet is a prophet or not. Where he most probably is quite accurate is in depicting us in Great Britain as completely unprepared and taken unawares. That, we imagine, is because we still believe what the League of Nations tells us, namely, that if we see a few score squadrons of strange aeroplanes over us one day, their object is merely to bombard us with chocolates and rose-water.

Well, if it does come, don't say we didn't mention it; in the meantime, for Heaven's sake don't let it spoil your golf.

Love Conquers All

IF you agree—and if you don't we shall be ill with misery—that 1935, so far, looks hellish dark and smells of cheese, you will agree further that anything tending to produce a warmish glow is highly valuable.

We glowed ourselves at a party the other night when an actress told us a curious story about her income tax. She said that in the middle of a frightful interview with a hard, dry, income-tax gentleman with a mouth like a steel trap, he suddenly burst out crying.

She thought he was overcome by the messy state of her financial affairs, and sweetly apologised for giving so much trouble. To her surprise he sobbed even louder and said, burying his hard, dry face in his hands, " It 's b-be-cause I l-l-l-love y-y-you." This touched her to divine pity, and for a time they shed tears in silence together. At length the income-tax gentleman said brokenly :

" Will you dance ? "

She rose at once and they danced round the floor, to the accompaniment of sobs and sniffing. Then he sat down at his desk again, wiped his eyes, and said in a gritty voice :

" Er—chrm ! Where were we ? "

He then proceeded, with grim energy, to knock off every allowance there was, and she staggered home in a dazed condition. That was her story, and, thinking it over now, we don't believe a word of it. We think she made it up to fool us. Anyhow, we got a nice glow out of it at the time, being romantic from birth, and, judging by your silly expression, we fancy you will, too.

Nicolas Bentley drew the picture

" Bye-bye ! "

Words Are Such Fun

AT a public dinner the other night (we 're afraid we can't explain to you just why we were there—it involves, as a matter of fact, the honour of a dear, sweet woman, so you won't press us, will you ?) we heard the good old hairy phrase " terminological inexactitude " trotted out once more by a speaker, amid yells of happy laughter from those who were still awake.

The reason this phrase always gets a laugh has been explained by Professor E. C. Bentley in *Trent's Last Case*, that fine crime story. He says—

" Yes, it 's quite a good fit, but should it do that every time I laugh ? "

we 've just looked it up—that the English are a simple, unsophisticated people with a very limited vocabulary of short, easy words. Long words, therefore, send them into fits of laughter. Foreigners don't think long words funny, because even foreign taxi-drivers habitually used words of three or more syllables if they wish to express realities with accuracy. That 's the Professor's explanation, and we think it 's a pretty sound one. If you can remember how many times you 've heard laughter aroused by after-dinner speakers making play with aged clichés like " terminological inexactitude " you must agree, unless you were in the usual coma.

Incidentally, what *do* you do during speech-time at a public dinner ? We ourselves generally find time to answer most of our correspondence and do a bit of knitting as well.

Holiday Task

A MAN we met this week is still furious over the general knowledge paper set by Auntie *Times* to her little readers, with awful playfulness, on Christmas Eve—fifty-five questions in all, duly answered by Auntie herself on the Thursday following. Specimen questions :

Give speaker and context in each of the following cases—(a) If I had Christian's nerve I would give all I have in the world ; (b) You don't know what the Derby is ; (c) Whatever are ye at ? (d) Jem could never have won if he 'd had four eyes ; (e) Another time don't bet your money against such men as we are ; (f) This is the grave-digger.

To whom, where, and by whom was a letter sent through the post addressed to " The Misser of Short Putts " ?

Our friend's objection to this is moral, on the ground of Auntie's deliberately encouraging priggery and spiritual pride in her smug-faced followers. He says

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 13.—James Douglas

HE does not seek to tease the public ear
With Rabelaisian anecdote, or cheer
The heavy heart with jest of smoking-room
That wakes the vulgar laugh or knowing leer.

Nay, rather, all his fervent writing shows
That worms may lurk within the fairest rose.
And Sin he scourges in his Sunday screeds
With lashes not unseldom lachrymose.

How eagerly each Sabbath morn we wait
To learn upon what new theme he 'll dilate.
Will it be " Scandal of the Workhouse Teas " ?
Or " Young Unmarried Mother's Fearful Fate " ?

Or will the spirit move our James to strafe
The lads who idolise the Golden Calf ?
For, can the Bright Young People get his goat ?
An echo answers, loud and clear, " Not 'arf ! "

But be his Sabbath topic what it may,
No matter *whom* he picks upon to flay,
Take heed to warning words ere yet you read,
And make a careful note of what I say.

" If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now,"
For eyes shall stream and heads shall lowly bow
When Sunny Jim is on the weekly trail.
And will he wring your vitals ? Boy, AND how !

B. W.

" Peep-o ! Still cross ? "

people who can answer questions like these are a menace to decent human society; pedants, pedagogues, bores, murderers of mirth, enemies of wine and song. He says Auntie ought to be dealt with for fostering the breed of self-satisfied amateur dons, crammed with useless information and ripe for doom. He says it is difficult enough to get intelligent dinner-table conversation anywhere nowadays, except in Paris, and that Auntie is just trying to kill one of the chief pleasures of civilised man.

We promised him to hit anybody we found mixed up in Auntie's ghastly frolic and exploiting the same, to the detriment of society, but a legal authority tells us that to hit a *Times* reader is equivalent, under English law, to taking *Punch* lightly, and we have no wish to incur the severe penalties laid down for these crimes in 66 Vic. Cap. 17(b) ii-xv.

Folk-Song Hour

THE present pantomime vogue, coming to us via America and the films, of the old song, "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," reminds us of a similar yet essentially different song about a trapeze artist, made impromptu in our presence years ago by a very fine living poet and sung by him at dinner many, many times in the good years, before ever the Greeks came to the land.

As nearly as we remember it, it went thus:

A young Japanese,
With a name like a sneeze,
He swings by his knees
From the flying trapeze;
He flies through the air
With a (something we forget) debonair,
You may say what you like, but he CHA-A-AA-ARMS me.

The last two words are, of course, harmonised when sung in chorus. Observe the myriad questions raised, incidentally, by the last line. All doubts, whether theological, philosophical, æsthetic, etymological, entomological, ethnological, what you will, are disposed of by the poet in a firm but benevolent manner. Nothing so finely expressing the ultimate brotherhood of man has been said since Tennyson fell off Paddington Station.

Too Many Faces

SPEAKING of the brotherhood of man, incidentally, we should like to know, not for the first time, where all the people come from. Twice on the eve of the holidays we were half an hour or more late for appointments in the West End simply because our taxicab could not push its way through the serried faces. We 're told it was the same everywhere. Just a sea of blank white faces going all ways. Where are they all from? Where do they all go?

The fact is, as we discovered some time ago, that there are too many faces about, anyway. We don't know where they come from. They never used to be there when we were young. We used to see them occasionally when a horse fell down in Piccadilly, or a man had a fit in the Strand, but now it 's impossible to get away from them anywhere.

It may be our morbid fancy, but they all seem to us to be the same size, shape, and colour, and made of a sort of rubber. Perhaps we are going Chinese without knowing it. (Every traveller is aware that to the Chinese our British faces look exactly alike.) It affects us so strongly that if a girl came along with a "functional" face—one of those square, triangular, or rhomboidal faces you see in art exhibitions and nowhere else—we should beg her to marry us, if we could get at her through the rubbering crowd. We think Love might quite possibly come to us afterwards.

Years ago O. Henry wrote a story about two New York rubber-necks who were nearly torn to pieces, fighting to get good places in a crowd at a wedding which turned out to be their own. The internal-combustion engine has turned his joke into something pretty serious, like the Black Death.

Pleasant Places

A RECENT announcement that the lease of the Château d'If, at Marseilles, has just been sold for £1500 a year brings back to us the odd fascination there is in places connected with well-loved figures in fiction. Admirers of the Bore Trollope, for example, know "Barsetshire" and its towns and villages inside out. Admirers of the Bore Hardy could probably grope their despairing way round Wessex blindfold. We know a Jane Austen fanatic who went to see Lyme Regis merely because one of Jane Austen's spinsters once fell off the Cob, and not a bad idea, either, we said, encouraging him to do likewise.

We 've done a bit of this ourselves, following Gargantua and Tom Jones and Mr. Sponge and other favourite characters of ours in their travels. We 've drunk cider at the Norman farm where Maupassant's Miss Harriet met her melancholy end, and we know the actual pub in Oxford Street where Mr. Jorrocks presided over free-and-easies in the sky-parlour. We know Soames Forsyte's house in Montpellier Square, and Prince Florizel's tobacco-shop in Rupert Street, and Eugénie Grandet's house in Tours, and we 're pretty certain we know the exact house (Mr. Franching's) in Peckham where Mr. Pooter met Mr. Hardfur Huttle. We 'd rather look at places like these, any day, than at the houses, tombs, or memorials of the bigwigs, which are so often in appalling taste, and the only time we 've ever been to the Crystal Palace, we went to see what it looked like to Kipps.

If you think this is a curious hobby, we 'd like to know any hobby of yours half as innocent.

THE BYSTANDERS.

"Did I leave a small pocket calendar behind when I came out last week?"

The Hunting Day

A Meet at Mount Stewart

Lady Londonderry went out with the Co. Down Staghounds after the meet at Mount Stewart, where she and her family have been for Christmas. With her is her daughter-in-law, Lady Castlereagh

Out With the New Forest

Lady Meyrick and her fifteen-year-old daughter, Susan Meyrick, and behind them, Mr. George Ferguson, at the New Forest meet at Whitley Bridge, near Brockenhurst

One Hunts, One Doesn't

The Hon. Edward Jessel and Lady Helen Stewart, whose engagement was announced just before Christmas, were photographed at the Mount Stewart meet

A First Flight of Dianas

Left: a group at Broome Park, near Alnwick, when Lt.-Col. Milvain's met there—Miss Phillipa Burrell, Mrs. Cawley, the hostess, Miss Dulcie Lambert, Miss Cornelia Burrell, Mrs. Sale, Mrs. Reid, Miss Eustace Smith, Miss Juliet and Miss Anne Milvain, the Master's two daughters. Phillipa and Cornelia Burrell are Mrs. Cawley's daughters

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Tunbridge

Miss Myrtle Francklin

Left: Myrtle Francklin, daughter of the late Captain Philip Francklin, R.N., and Lady Brock, is engaged to Captain W. R. Starkey, late of the Rifle Brigade, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Starkey, of Norwood Park, Southwell, Notts. Miss Francklin's stepfather is Admiral of the Fleet Sir Osmond de Beauvoir Brock

Below: Joan Marjoribanks, Lord and Lady Tweedmouth's younger daughter, announced her engagement to Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith last week. His mother is Lady Juliet Duff; his father was killed in the first year of the war

Bertram Park

The Hon. Joan Marjoribanks

HERE we all are again—eager, excited, and, I trust, sober, after the Christmas orgies, ready to face the New Year with that snappiness with which you bring out your man at ludo, after throwing the necessary "six."

"Fairy Godmother" Olga Lynn, waved her wand well at the Vaynol house-party, for Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith (one usually leaves out the Assheton-Smith) is now scheduled to marry Miss Joan Marjoribanks. Lord Charles Cavendish, as he ate his thirty-fourth winkle in the oyster-bar at Buck's, nearly "broke covert", with the news in advance under the influence of these minor crustaceons, to which he is such a devotee. The rest of the house-party, when the engagement was announced, are said to have chanted "Les Béatitudes" of César Franck, with Mr. Charlie Birkin booming out the bass notes, and Lady Charles Cavendish supplying a sparkling soprano.

NEWS from all over the world tells me that Lord Moyne's yachting-party (Rangoon-Southern Pacific) is now complete—Lady Broughton, Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Guinness and Mr. Terence Philip, who is in the "without-whom-no-party-is-complete" category. Sir Delves Broughton was also going, but has had a bad attack of typhoid, and has only just returned from Madeira.

SIR HAROLD BOWDEN, the popular bicycle Bart. (he does not ride them, however), is off round the world in the Empress of Britain, so is Sir Julien Cahn, but with no cricket team on board this time. He usually takes one about, in much the same way as the ordinary person might take a golf-bag. The ship halts at a port, Sir Julien and his merry men dismount and defeat the natives, and off they go again in search of fresh triumphs—for he is very rarely defeated.

Mr. John Moffatt, who is a wealthy Scotsman with an attractive wife, is also going on the world cruise. His wife is going to St. Moritz with Mrs. Harriman, when she has recovered from her illness.

Below: Rosemary Glyn's engagement to Olof Erik Wijk was announced before Christmas. She is the daughter of the late Colonel Arthur St. Leger Glyn, and Mrs. Frank Ramsay. Her fiancé is in the 4th Q.O. Hussars, and is the son of the late Mr. C. O. Wijk, and Lady Barnes, of Oakhay, Barton, Devon

Bertram Park

Miss Rosemary Glyn

Lady Jersey, wearing hyacinth-blue, and a three-tiered cape, is dancing with Mr. More O'Ferrall

Miss Helen Trefusis was sketched at the Devon County Ball. She is the daughter of the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Trefusis, and a niece of Lord Clinton; she is being presented by her mother during the coming season

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

(Continued)

Sketches by Molly Bishop

FROM Kitzbuhl I hear that there has been very little snow, therefore I have no news of Mr. and Mrs. Leander MacCormick, Mrs. Neave, Mme. Riotteau (Schiaparelli's London chieftainess), Mr. Esmond Harmsworth, Princess Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge, Mme. Ralli, and Miss Penelope Maffey, all of whom are there, except that the last-named is studying German and music in Vienna, to which Mr. Sidney Beer is just returning after spending Christmas with Lord Carnarvon at Highclere Castle.

MISS TOTO KOOPMAN has gone to Scheidegg, leaving a sad heart (or hearts) behind in London. I hear that at a farewell party before she left, in which was Sir Robert Throckmorton, there was some slight argument at the Florida.

At Villars are Sir Malcolm and Lady MacAlpine; also Mlle. Arlette Boucard, who has been seen very often lately in parties in Paris with Mr. Michael Farmer.

FROM Monte Carlo I hear news of a New Year's Eve dinner given at the Sporting Club by Mr. Reginald Purbrick, in the party being Sir Stephenson and Lady Kent, Commander and Mrs. Redmond McGrath, Mme. Mouton, and Sir John and Lady Simon. Mr. Purbrick may figure in legal circles again shortly.

A CHEERY time was enjoyed by all at the Chess Tournament at Hastings. Personally, I was more interested in the way Sir George Thomas defeated Botwinnik, the Russian, than in the way he beat Capablanca. Botwinnik was disloyal enough to play a Sicilian defence against Sir George: myself, I find it always best to take an early pawn advantage against Sir George, as he discovered in our last match at Warsaw.

MRS. WOOLLEY-HART will soon be back in our midst again; she has been in China, and has collected a wonderful set of Chinese puzzles, and the board on which was played the original halma match between the Emperor Ping Loo and the Emperor Flung Pi, date uncertain. She has been entertained in Calcutta by the Viceroy and Lady Willingdon, and is now the guest of the Maharani of Cooch Behar, who is arranging a shoot for the Duke of Norfolk. One of my most treasured Christmas cards is one from her of the Taj Mahal by moonlight.

THOSE "sporty boys and girls" have been up to it again at Melton. What high jinks! What do you think they did? There was an "impersonation" party, given by the "Johnny" Players at Wicklow Lodge. I note that "Lord Brownlow contented himself with a false nose." I should not have thought he was nearly so easily pleased. Miss Monica Sheriffe and Miss Ulrica Thynne showed what little scamps they could be on such a jolly party. Mrs. "Reggie" Farquhar "took off" Colonel Priest Alexander. He *adored* it. There were a good few "Mrs. Vanderbilts" with "little Gloria" in tow; one such was Lady Irene Clarke. Lord Borodale made an extremely good "Mrs. Edward Greenall," and Mr. Edward Greenall "took off" his mother, Lady Daresbury, borrowing her clothes, hat, bun, and all. One of the most exciting moments was when three sailors with ginger whiskers and parrot-cages in their hands came into the room. When I tell you that they were Lord Sefton and Mr. and Mrs. "Roly" Cubitt, you will scarcely believe me. The Chelsea Arts Ball was calm in comparison to this rollicking party; so was the New Year Day party at the Latvian Legation.

APART from pantomimes the theatrical world has been quiet, though Michael Egan's play, *The Dominant Sex*, which has come to the West End after breaking records at the Embassy, looks like being a success. The Garbo is out and about, too, at the Empire, and in a garb which must make Somerset Maugham chuckle twice—once when he looks at his passbook to see what Hollywood paid him for his story *The Painted Veil*, and the second time when he sees what they have done to his drama.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

HERE we are now, well into the swing of 1935, but still wondering what it has got in store for us. Had anyone shown us a photograph of Princess Marina this time last year, we should have had to study the footnote with care to discover who it was. What on earth would we have thought a Belisha beacon meant last January? On the other hand, had anyone said a few months ago that Miss Dorothy Hyson and Mr. Robert Douglas were to wed, we should not have registered the very least surprise. That is only one of the things that happened at the close of an eventful year.

Another was the arrival of a son and heir to Mrs. John Leslie, better known to us still, perhaps, as Coral Pinckard. Another new arrival into this world of sin is Mrs. Michael Hornby's son. His parents spent Christmas in London,

Left: Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower and Mrs. Harold Huth and their respective husbands were a party of four at the Embassy one night

Below: the latest sketch of Mrs. Kenneth Wagg. She and her husband are two of the most out-and-about young-marrieds in London

Above: Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira looks very attractive in her white fur Cossack cap

Below: Mrs. Julie Thompson, wearing black and, as always, soignée to the last eyelash, had her picture taken at the Embassy one extension night

which is unusual for them, but they were probably wise. Master Yarde-Buller, heir to Lord Churston, was another who managed to time his arrival with the Christmas festivities. Operations for appendicitis still seem popular. Captain Austin Hudson, M.P. for Hackney, has been deprived of his since Christmas. Mr. Arthur Smith-Bingham and Mr. Michael Hornby got rid of theirs a little earlier, and have now left Home for Home.

SWITZERLAND is filling up with visitors from England and all over the world, including China. Lord Lytton and his son, Lord Knebworth, who is in the Queen's Bays, have been sighted at St. Moritz, as have the Plunkets and a couple of sons. General and Mrs. Jack Wigan have been at Gstaadt, where also were Lord Michelham and Mrs. James Ritchie. At Klosters, among those to be spotted any minute are the Cunningham-Reids, with young Michael and Noel. Captain Charles Tremayne, of polo fame, and his attractive wife, and Lord and Lady Scarsdale, with the Vivian Corneliuses and the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, were seen at one of the many parties out there the other night. In fact, much the same crowd as usual are gathered together "pour le sport." Let's hope they return to us whole and not in bits.

SPORT in this country continues, too, though of a different kind. Lady Honor Channon and her husband have been busy shooting at (and, we hope, hitting) Lord Iveagh's pheasants at Elveden, and entertaining friends to help them. The Peter Thursbys have been there. She has now completely recovered from the attack of mumps which she developed on the morning of the Royal wedding, which couldn't have been more unfortunate for her. Mr. Duff and Lady Diana Cooper were also of the party, as were the Paul Munsters and Miss Anne Wood.

VARIOUS mothers and daughters are rushing off abroad directly, and will be rushing back again as quickly so as not to miss any of the "season." The Duchess of Northumberland and the Ladies Elizabeth and Diana Percy are off to India any minute. Whether they intend to bring the young Duke home from his wanderings or merely to see what he is up to, we can't say. Another mother taking her daughter to India for a short visit is Mrs. Richard Bethell; and Clare Lady Cowley and her daughter, Lady Cecilia Wellesley, are off to Africa by car for about a month.

THERE are one or two quite attractive débutantes coming along who will put some of last year's into the shade, and completely eclipse any that may be going spare of the year before. Miss Rosamond Broughton, daughter of Sir Delves and Lady Broughton, is one, but she will have to wait to make her début until her mother returns from her trip in mid-air. She is tall and fair and full of charm. Another is Mrs. Claude Leigh's daughter, Joyce; and one that is probably the most attractive of all is Miss Mary Leigh, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Gerard Leigh. Mrs. Corrigan always takes their house in Grosvenor Street, but doubtless the Leighs will manage to give a dance there before our American hostess returns and takes possession.

MRS. PEEPS

Between One Year and Another

The South and West Wilts Hunt Ball on New Year's Eve

(1) Rear-Admiral A. Bromley, Lady Susan and Mr. Jock Askew at supper at Clouds, East Knoyle, which Captain Guy Wyndham lent, as usual, for the Hunt Ball

(2) Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth is with Mr. Stuart French and Mrs. Noel Livingstone-Learmonth, her mother, who brought a party

(3) The Hon. Mrs. John Morrison, Lord Hambleden's sister, whose husband is Master of the S. and W. W., is dancing with Colonel Geoffrey Brooke

(4) The Hon. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, Lord Radnor's youngest brother, and the good-looking Mrs. Nigel Gunnis are waiting for the band to start again

(5) Miss Anne Hankey is sitting out with Mr. J. G. Morrison. He took over sole Mastership this year, after being joint-Master for two seasons with Mr. Isaac Bell

(6) General Hardy Newman talking to the Duchess of Somerset; the party she brought from Maiden Bradley included her daughter, Lady Susan Seymour

Where the Snow is White . . .

Left: Lord Michelham is the purest sort of snowman; he neither skis, skates, nor curls, but just enjoys the snow (also the sun and the social life). He is at Gstaadt, and is going on to St. Moritz

Right: Anne Boyd goes to ski-school at Gstaadt. She is not unlike Diana Wynyard, whom she understudied in "Wild December"

Mrs. Jimmy Ritchie arrived at Gstaadt well be-furred. She is on her way to join a party in Egypt. Was Esmé Oldham before she married

Perley Holmes, another Canadian ice-hockey player for Cambridge, hails from Ontario; Conchita Roces comes from the Philippines; Mary Baker and Helen Campbell are Toronto girls, and are aiming at a London season later on; Bobby Carnal is at the famous Rosey School, which has its winter headquarters in Switzerland

Frances Sise, of Montreal, is in Switzerland, en route for her first London season; she is with "Fen" Douglas, from Ancaster, Ontario, a member of the Cambridge ice-hockey team

Englishmen, Canadians and Americans Are All Snow-Men at Gstaadt

"They Are As Innocent As Grace"

"AS YOU LIKE IT": I. 3

THE art of the cu
three photograph
work of Mr. John
effective lighting e
these undraped figu
has indeed every rig

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and shows that photography
to be classed among the arts

The Lady of the Lane

A New Cinderella

OLD DRURY has opened its doors to pantomime and pantomime lovers this winter, and the subject chosen is *Cinderella*. The name-part is played by June, who has made a big success in the part. She is here seen in her menial state, and when the Fairy Godmother has had her dressed for the Ball

A Racing Reverie

Cheltenham Chatter

By "Regular"

Lord Normanton and Mrs. Sheffield seen at Cheltenham

Also seen at Cheltenham: Lady Sibell Lygon, Mr. A. Newey, the trainer, and Tim Hamey, the jockey

Two more Cheltenham racegoers: Mrs. Cripps and Mr. Tony Moon

THE Old Year went out in a blaze of glory at Cheltenham, with five favourites and one second favourite dividing the spoils. Never having been very clever at backing winners over jumps, I have decided this season to race "for the pure love of the sport" till Lincoln comes along, so this orgy of good things left me rather cold.

WHEN one hasn't had a bet, one loves to see impossible horses win at 20-1, and one returns home full of the comfort which glows in our hearts when we contemplate the misfortune of our contemporaries. With the exception of backing a long-priced winner, it is the nearest approach to bliss I am ever likely to attain.

I HASTEN to add that I do not view the success of outsiders with equanimity when the Mem is making one of her rare visits steeplechasing. The drive home can seem very long when she has come off second best from her tilts at Mrs. Vernet. Worm, who draws undergardener's wage for writing about racing, might at least have some smattering of subject, or perhaps he deliberately put wife away.

CHELTENHAM is a grand course to watch racing, every yard of the running being clearly visible, and the general arrangements for one's comfort are absolutely first-rate. I was sorry, though, that the Grill Room was temporarily out of order, as the five-bob lunch was a very weary sort of meal, one of those fish which had obviously committed suicide by biting itself in the behind being followed by some beef which caused a well-known trainer to burst into tears, as he declared it was his favourite old plater, who broke his neck at the previous meeting. "I 'd know the old fellow anywhere," he sobbed.

I WAS given a rare laugh, however, by one of our amateurs, whose pluck is considerably in excess of his skill, who told me, in all seriousness, that I was damned impertinent to suggest a few weeks ago on this page that he was not quite so good as the leading professionals. You won't believe it, but some rude swine suggested that Uncle Regular didn't write as well as Shakespeare.

I HOPED very much that Rollanbutta would win the opening seller for Eric Foster, for whom many of my readers subscribed so generously last spring. Eric has had a ghastly time, but he is now well on the road to recovery, though I fear he will never ride again.

ROLLANBUTTA looked all over a winner at the last fence, but he was run out of it by old Camp Bed. I understand that when next he runs Rollanbutta will carry the colours of Lady Sibell Lygon, tallest and blondest of the dashing blonde Lygon girls, and I hope he wins her many races. Lady Sibell worked like a black for the Foster fund, and must have written personally quite a thousand letters, while the success of the Boxing Tournament in aid of the fund was largely due to her efforts.

I WAS delighted to see Pook's Hill win the long-distance hurdle for Mr. Peter Akroyd. Pook's Hill jumped like a cat, and stayed on well in the heavy going. Both his owner and Mr. Tony Belville looked very happy after the race, as well they might do.

"I CLAIM Wiggie." It was with a trembling hand that I wrote these fateful words and handed the slip of paper to an important gentleman in the weighing-room. I was informed that the claims would be drawn in a quarter of an hour, and I left the weighing-room with the rather guilty smirk one sees on the face of a husband leaving the flat of a lady who is not his wife.

VARIOUS suggestions were put forward why I claimed Wiggie. Friends suggested that I wished to make her a present to her namesake, the local Steward. Others suggested that I had come into a lot of money and was starting a racing stable.

A VERY familiar voice was certain that I had done it to impress tall, dashing blondes; somebody thought I had a "down" on George Beeby; somebody else thought I was mad.

I CLAIMED Wiggie in answer to the now popular racecourse slogan, "The more claims the merrier." I did not want Wiggie, but a relation of mine was mad about her, and in the event of my claim coming first out of the hat, which it didn't, I should have passed her on. When you want to make sure of getting an animal, the best policy is to canvass your friends and acquaintances, and recently a trainer, fearing to lose one of his own horses, put in a hundred claims. Obviously the present farcical situation needs prompt revision; but what form it is to take, I haven't the foggiest idea. At present it is a huge joke.

Wales—the Denbigh Infirmary Ball

A supper-time group at the Denbigh Infirmary Ball, which includes Colonel the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Hotham, Lady Lowther, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Robertson, Mrs. Oldeston, and Mr. J. R. Kington. The Ball was held at the Rhyl Pavilion, with Mrs. R. C. Lloyd, of Llysmerchion, Trefnant, as patroness

Swaebe

Heston—A Sunday Solo

Miss Leucha Warner, the late Sir Courtenay Warner's daughter, who is not only air-minded, but extremely competent, was photographed at Heston getting ready to take her aeroplane out for its Sunday exercise

Ireland—Play-Acting at Mount Stewart

Left: the cast of "Hyde and Seek," the play by fourteen-year-old Lady Mary Stewart, which was acted as part of the Londonderrys' New Year's Eve celebrations at Mount Stewart. The group includes Lady Castlereagh as a sailor (second from left), Lord Londonderry as General Monk, Lady Mary Stewart as Charles II., Mr. Basil Kennedy as Prince Rupert, Lord Berners as Oliver Cromwell, Lady Helen Stewart as Robert de Bois, Mr. W. L. Doggart as Albert Savage, Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony as Elizabeth, and Mrs. Murray-Smith as a Roundhead

ROUNDABOUT

Norfolk—the Children Start Young

Left: Mrs. T. A. Cook, joint-Master with her husband of the North Norfolk Harriers, giving a talk on hunting etiquette to the "field" at the children's meet at Cromer Hall

Right: Major Hillson and Lady Susan Seymour, the Duke of Somerset's daughter, at the South and West Wilts Hunt Ball at Clouds, Captain Guy Wyndham's place. Further right is Lady Helen Smith, Lord Radnor's sister, who married Lord Hambleden's brother, talking to Mr. Lawrence at the same event

Cheltenham—the December Meeting

Above, left: Captain P. Herbe is talking to Miss Daphne Allen. Above, centre: Lord Westmorland has a nice audience of two in Mrs. John Goldsmith and Mrs. Richard Allan. Above, right: Lady Elizabeth Murray, in a new version of the jump season's favourite fashion—the check suit—is with Mr. Winnington. This one-day meeting, almost the last racing date of the old year, was good fun, socially and financially

Below: King Leopold of the Belgians and his wife, Queen Astrid, make a good-looking couple in their ski-ing suits. They have been staying at St. Moritz, which has put the season there into capital letters

Lowlands and Midlands—New Year's Day Meets

Mrs. Walter Elliot, the Minister for Agriculture's wife, and Lady Dalkeith, at the Buccleuch meet at Eildon Hall, St. Boswells, the Dalkeiths' place. Lord Dalkeith is the Master

Lady Maud Baillie, Master of the High Peak Harriers, and her father, the Duke of Devonshire, at the New Year's Day meet at Lane Head, Tideswell

Engaged

Miss Diane Chamberlain and Mr. Terence Maxwell

Diane Chamberlain, Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain's only daughter, and Arthur Terence Maxwell announced their engagement on the last day of the old year. Mr. Maxwell is the son of Brig.-General Sir Arthur Maxwell, who is a director of the Union Bank of Australia, and managing partner of Glyn, Mills, among other things. The photograph above was taken at the Chamberlains' house in Rutland Gate; the dogs are Nipper and James

Vandyk

• FILMS of the DAY

Two Important Pictures

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"*Limehouse Blues*"

Anna May Wong as a Chinese girl, Tu Tuan, and George Raft as Harry Young, a half-caste smuggler, in the Chinatown melodrama that was shown at the Plaza last week. Jean Parker plays the white girl who completes the triangle

OWING to the exigencies of Christmas Holiday press days I may seem a little after the event in reviewing *Great Expectations* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, but both these films are of more than ephemeral interest, and cannot be excluded from a critical survey of pictures produced during 1934.

Film-producers, who, we are told, have extensive classical libraries, have recently discovered an English author called Charles Dickens. Some years ago, in a provincial town, I saw a deplorable and pitiful British film based on *The Old Curiosity Shop*. It has been left to America to put Dickens on the screen in an acceptable form.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS" is a Universal Picture, with a practically all-English cast. The first thing that occurs to one is that Dickens was a magnificent plot-mongerer, even before he was a master of Cockney psychology and dialect. There is material in this film for several dramas, and the fact that the several themes have been subsequently used does not detract from their original amalgamation. Credit must be given to the producer, Stanley Bergerman, and the director, Stuart Walker, for their realisation and presentation of the macabre, a curious essential in Dickens' work. The opening scenes in the graveyard, when the frightened boy succours the shackled escaped convict and the bestial fight to the death is interrupted by the soldiery, are magnificently handled; the sense of terror produced by the gloomy, shut house in which an aging woman kept the anniversary of what should have been her wedding-day, pictorially explicit. The cobwebs and rat-eaten wedding-cake gain an eerie significance above their sentimental value when pictorially envisaged.

Florence Reed's portrayal of the old, embittered woman who nearly wrecks the lives of the two young people by teaching the girl contempt of love, is a really fine performance. Henry Hull as the convict, exiled for life, who makes a fortune in Australia and devotes it to "making a gentleman" of the boy who befriended him, is excellent. Phillips Holmes, as the hero, is romantic in all kinds of hats and collars.

The children, and we do not really like children on stage or screen, are exceptionally good.

"*Remous*"

Jeanne Boitel and Jean Galland in a new French film which starts its run at the Curzon to-night. These two play a modern young husband and wife whose married life is set awry when the husband is injured in a motor accident. Edmond Greville is the director

IT is difficult to conceive of anyone taking the place of Fred Terry as the Scarlet Pimpernel. He had made the part so particularly his own. Leslie Howard, very wisely, adopted his own and very different method. He succeeds. In many ways his interpretation of the Englishman who pretended to be a fool, and worse, and defeated the brilliant French detective in effecting the escape of aristocrats during the Revolution, is more subtle than Terry's impersonation.

This is a delightful, romantic picture, beautifully photographed, with dignified and realistic settings. Merle Oberon, as the "suspect" French wife of the exquisite Sir Percy Blakeney, justifies the casting, and the spirit of the story is beautifully conserved.

The real interest of these two pictures is the transposition of popular fiction into filmic material. A good plot will always make a good picture, provided it is handled by filmic artists or even filmic artisans.

Sketches by
Molly Bishop

THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . . No. 25. Quaglino's

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

By CHARLES GRAVES

With one exception, Quaglino's is the only restaurant in London which is not affected by extension nights. All the week it is full, and Sunday is the only evening when you do not need to book a table. Yet, five years ago, it was just the courtyard of the St. James's Palace Hotel. It is a real triumph of personality on the part of the brothers Quaglino—one short, tubby, and golliwog-like, and the other tall, slim, and intellectual. Each makes the guests feel that his life has been empty, though every table has been full, since their last visit. This is a great gift. Another is that of dressing the room—putting dressmakers and occasional bookmakers in distant corners, so that their clients shall not have their appetite spoilt by the thought of unpaid bills; seeing that sables and minks are at prominent tables if their owners are easy to look at; and delicately telling potential guests whom they don't want that every chair is reserved.

Almost every day the King and Queen of Siam lunch in the grill (Bangkok papers, please copy). Marconi is famous for his petite marmite, grilled sole, and roast chicken with rosemary. Lord Rosslyn alternates between snipe and woodcock. Lady Charles Cavendish craves a special beef-juice soup. Oysters and wild duck are what lure Lord Warwick from his castle. Ex-King George of Greece goes for anything cooked with rice and truffles. Boiled chicken with rice is Lord Rothermere's favourite. C. B. Cochran likes beans done chez lui. Dorothy Dickson is a great little pancake-fan. Chicken sous cloche tempts the elegant appetite of Lady Dalkeith, and if his caviare is nice and large and grey, Lord Queensberry does not mind what cards they deal him at the Portland. Bortch and Le Keivsky—that 's what the Grand Duke Dmitri likes when he 's not at Monte Carlo Beach. Lord Tennyson is an habitué. The new Lady Tennyson likes it, too. Sir " Jock " Jardine is the most immaculate patron.

" Ex-King George of Greece goes for anything cooked with rice and truffles "

Princess Otto von Bismarck, "the belle of the Corps Diplomatique"

THE PRINCE OF WALES has a regular table in the grill. Messrs. Gull and Black have regular tables in the restaurant. Lady Warwick lunches hatless. So does Lady Veronica Hornby. Brendon Bracken, with his thick-lensed spectacles and carroty, bullet head; Lord Inverclyde, who once wrote a book; Lord Beatty, who is a gourmet; Sir Harold Bowden, whose blue eyes, fair hair, and pink cheeks are so typically English; Lord Tweedmouth, who says he does not know why his friends call him "Beef"; Lady Maureen Stanley, who is the best woman speaker in the country—are all regulars.

ALMOST every day, too, you will see secretaries and counsellors from the various Embassies recuperating from Middle European despatches—Prince Otto von Bismarck, of the German Embassy, whose Swedish wife is the belle of the Corps Diplomatique; the Brazilian Ambassador, who is taking his family home for the first time for seven years; Monsieur Valdez, of the Spanish Embassy, whose wife is so very pretty; the Rumanian Minister, the Italian Ambassador, and Baron de Bitche, of the French Embassy; oh, yes, and Baron Silvercruys, from the Belgian Embassy. It is a clientèle like this which keeps the cuisine of a restaurant up to scratch, just as a restaurant which caters specially for the stage seldom maintains a high standard. After all, how can you expect a chef to worry, when he knows that his clients are either ravenous or in a hurry?

Lord and Lady Warwick dining together; "oysters and wild duck are what lure him from his castle"

ACTUALLY, Quaglino has the imagination to encourage his chef to come up at least once an evening, just to have a look at the clients who are eating his dishes. You can look for his tall, white hat peeking over the screen nearest the orchestra.

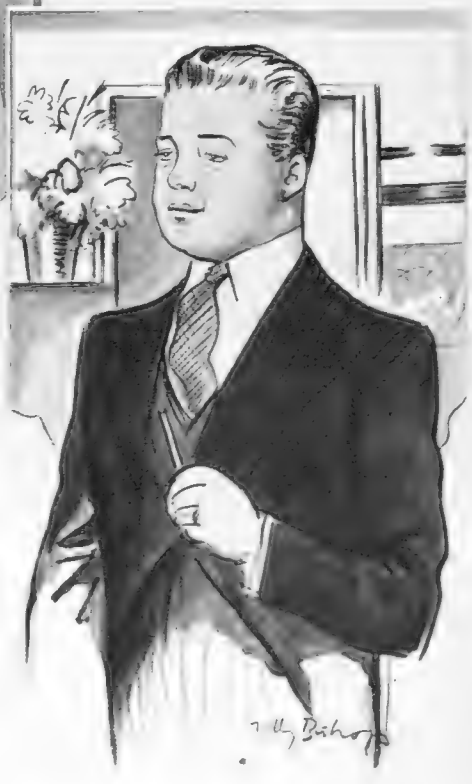
VAN STRATEN, leader of the dance orchestra, has a good memory, and, like Tzigane leaders, plays the favourite tune of special patrons as soon as they enter. Gregori's quintet alternates as a variation. Thelma Lady Furness particularly likes the accordion and the tango tunes.

ONE of the attractions of Quaglino's is that it is always changing. First they take all the divans away. Then they put them all back. Then they add a second row of them. Then they change the carpet and the upholstery of the chairs. Next, the lighting effects are altered (the last lot cost ten thousand pounds). Then the décor of the walls comes up for renewal.

The most extraordinary feature of the place is that the Parisian grill, the restaurant, and the ground-floor grill have totally different clientèles. The hard-boiled lovelies of the Parisian grill never enter the restaurant. The ground-floor grillites keep to themselves, and the patrons of the restaurant prefer their own tables and their own waiters to anywhere else.

EVERY year the Quaglinos go abroad, scouting for novelties. It may be eau de Cologne for the finger-bowls, or white truffle, or champagne nature. But there is always something fresh. Probably their hardest job is to find new cabaret turns. Their place is, of course, the Western brothers' spiritual home, but they can't go on indefinitely. The trouble, then, is to find a turn which has not recently appeared somewhere else in the West End. Now and then they manage to secure some Austrian fräulein or a Spanish dancer who is new to their patrons. But so sophisticated a clientèle knows not only the cabaret acts of Mayfair and Piccadilly, it knows those of Paris, Monte Carlo, Biarritz, Deauville, and all the other casino resorts which specialise in boites.

One curious experience of Quaglino is that he has never had a complaint from a guest at supper time, and very few at dinner. Those that do occur are at luncheon, no doubt when the client has arisen grouchily after a late night and refuses to be pleased by anything. Having told you this, no doubt someone will now be provoked to complain at supper. There are such people, of course.



Quaglino—"short, tubby, and golliwog-like . . . makes the guests feel that his life has been empty since their last visit"

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Wide, Open Spaces

By Alan Thomas

"THIS book tells, in simple and eloquent language, the story of a brave woman's life—the life of a woman standing high among those whose example has acted as an inspiration to the builders of our Empire." So writes Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby in his preface to Mrs. Marina King's book, *Sunrise to Evening Star* (Harrap; 10s. 6d.). It is the story of the seventy years that Mrs. King spent in South Africa, and it is a story worth telling and well told.

Mrs. King was born in 1856. Her father was a retired naval officer and a farmer who had made his home in Africa at a time when the only British colonies there were the Cape and Natal. Consequently his daughter was brought up in an atmosphere of pioneering and Colonial development. At the age of eighteen she married Charles Woodroffe, also an ex-naval officer and a personal friend of Edward, Prince of Wales, in whose ship he had served on the Prince's American and China tours. After a honeymoon spent in England, Mr. and Mrs. Woodroffe went back to South Africa and took up farming, and later on gold-prospecting, and later still, hotel-keeping. They had many adventures. One of the most exciting descriptions in the book is that of a bush fire and of the way in which they just managed to escape being burnt alive.

Shortly after their silver wedding, Mr. Woodroffe died, and four years later his widow married Colonel John King, who became a Member of the first Union Parliament. Some years after the war Mrs. King again became a widow. And then, in 1930, at the age of seventy-four, she and her adopted daughter, accompanied by a mechanic and a Zulu boy, started to motor from the Cape to London—a journey full of thrills and accomplished without a puncture or even a renewed tyre!

I read every word of Mrs. King's book with the greatest interest, and I commend it not only for the adventures it describes, but also for the fine portrait it gives of a woman "worth her salt."

THERE is no getting away from it, Mrs. Agatha Christie is a master—or perhaps I ought to say, a mistress?—of her craft. One would have thought that by now the detective-story market was so choc-a-bloc with every kind of theme, motive, and device, that nothing fresh could emerge. And yet here we have Mrs. Christie turning out brand-new ideas with all the scintillation of her earlier successes. What a thing it is to read an author who never lets you down!

Her latest book is *Three Act Tragedy* (Collins; 7s. 6d.), featuring our old friend, Hercule Poiret, one of the men who "don't have to look for crime—it comes to them." It certainly came to him when he was invited down to Sir Charles Cartwright's place in Cornwall. The problem centres round the drinking of a cocktail and then of a glass of port. "Seems as though the stuff was in the port; but it wasn't. We analysed his glass. That glass had contained port, and nothing but port. . . . As for what he ate, it was the same as everybody else had. . . . His cook 's been with him fifteen years. No; there doesn't seem to be any way he could have been given the stuff, and yet there it is in the stomach. It 's a nasty problem." Or a nice one, if you prefer it. Anyway, it is one which baffles everyone except the great Hercule, the man who does not permit himself to fail.

Mrs. Agatha Christie

The best of all crime novelists, whose new book, entitled "Three Act Tragedy," introduces once more to readers that prince of detectives, M. Hercule Poiret

For lovers of detective stories *Three Act Tragedy* may be described as "just the thing."

LADY ELEANOR SMITH'S first three novels, *Red Wagon*, *Flamenco*, and *Ballerina*, were best-sellers, but I very much doubt if her new book, *Tzigane* (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), will join them. It is, of course, about gipsies. In particular, about a gipsy cabaret artist, Hassina, who conceives a passion for a lion-tamer. He disappears and she consoles herself with a middle-aged ex-member of the Diplomatic Corps, whom she marries and—save for a brief recrudescence of the lion-tamer—lives with happily ever after. This description does not, perhaps, do full justice to the plot of *Tzigane*, but it may indicate the atmosphere of unreality which saturates this book. I am all for Lady Eleanor Smith's gipsies when they stick to their Red Wagons, but when they exchange them for Victorian manor-houses in the heart of England, they just won't do. It is not so much that I feel, in principle, ex-Foreign Office men and wild gipsy girls are unlikely to make a success of marriage according to county standards. It is just that Lady Eleanor Smith's writing makes it seem so wildly improbable. Not for one page did I believe in Hassina or in her stick of a husband, who describes himself, with justice, as a "pompous ass." The writing is melodramatic and high-falutin' and without a glimmer of humour. Lady Eleanor Smith has undoubted talents as a novelist, but they are not conspicuous in her latest book.

ALL young-marrieds should invest in a copy of *Hints to Marabel*, by Florence Hodgkin (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.). It is described by the author as "a mere scrap-book designed to disguise the difficulties, and to make light of the harsh task of housekeeping; also to offer timely advice." It was made originally for a young daughter, marrying and going away. In addition to recipes the book contains many useful hints and reminders on a variety of subjects. "Never," says Mrs. Hodgkin, "serve eggs and mayonnaise, because the sauce is all egg." "Don't get angry in the kitchen, then vent it in the parlour!" "You can remove rings left by glasses and similar stains from polished tables by moistening cigarette ash and rubbing it on—and off!" "Don't ask people to a Bridge evening and keep them playing for three hours without a break for refreshment." "Don't believe that music hath charms for all and sundry."

On some matters of taste Mrs. Hodgkin is too dogmatic. "No salad dressing is worth anything if the sugar is omitted." I beg leave to differ. I know plenty of people for whom a salad is spoilt if there is sugar in it. Then, again, Mrs. Hodgkin refers to Burgundy and Claret as wines that are not decanted, as are Port and Sherry. Opinions probably differ, but my own feeling is that all wines should be decanted, except only sparkling wines. In any case, all old wines must certainly be decanted. However, this is a point that the husband rather than the wife will probably attend to.

On the treatment of servants—a cardinal matter in all good households—the advice given is particularly sound.

This book would make a very useful little wedding present. It is illustrated by one Hendy, and the drawings are amusing, if at times a trifle obscure.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

There is nothing more becoming to a woman than fur. It has a softening effect, and forms an ideal background for an evening frock. Among the many beautiful furs to be seen at Revillon's, 180, Regent Street, is this Russian ermine coat, which is sure to meet with success. The circular working of the skins in no way detracts from its slimming qualities, owing to the slightly pouched back. The scarf collar is ultra smart

Lenare

Morning and Evening

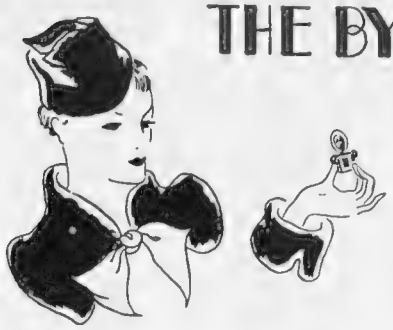
Checks have been prophesied for early spring, both in tweeds and silks. Pictured on the right is a check taffeta blouse cut on severe lines. The high neck is relieved by the scarf ends, which tie in a bow. It is obtainable in a variety of colours, and is agreeably priced at 16s. 9d.

Photographs by Lenare

In printed floral lamé, this blouse from Woollands, Knightsbridge, would be ideal for bridge or informal evening wear. The butterfly neck-line and semi-detached puff sleeves are points of interest

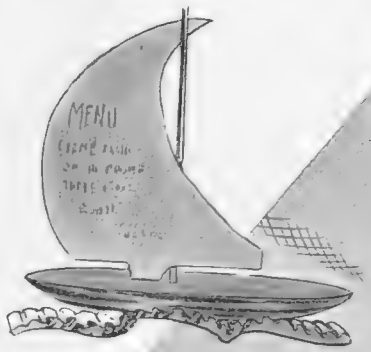
Right: to be seen in the salons at Woollands is this charming blouse of coarse écru lace. The long, tight sleeves are of interest for the ruching which runs all the way up the sides, while the cost is only 52s. 9d.

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

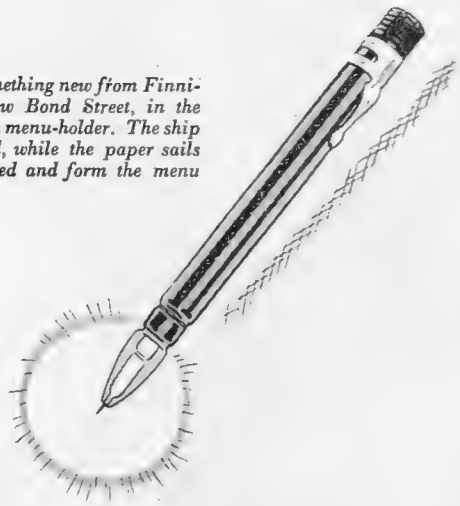


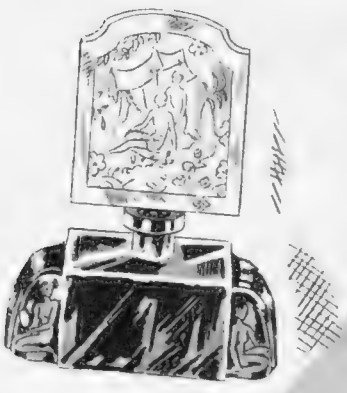
Discovered by Peta

Pictured by Pam.



Left: something new from Finnigan's, New Bond Street, in the shape of a menu-holder. The ship is of wood, while the paper sails are coloured and form the menu



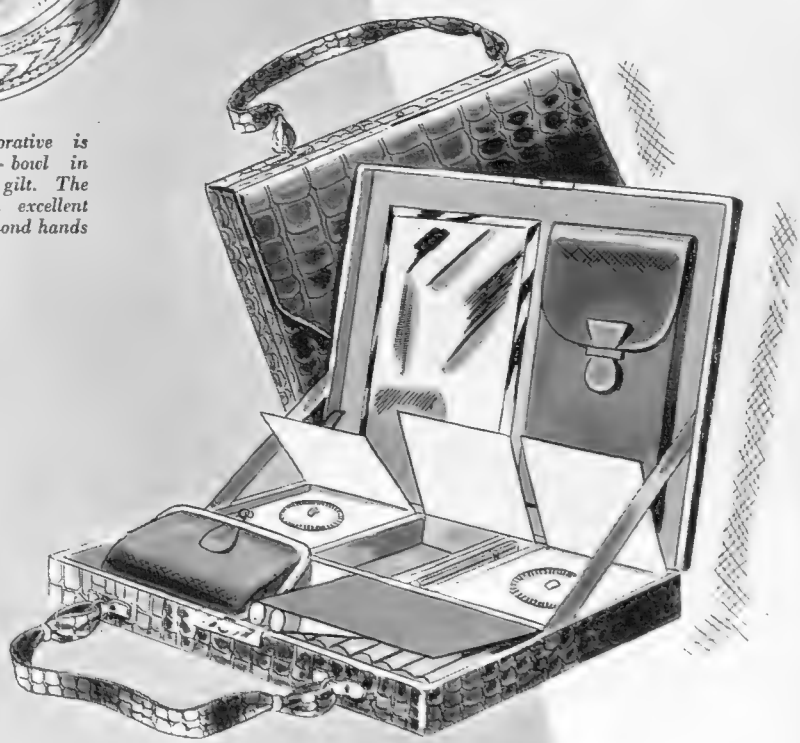


This perfume bottle is unusual in design. It is of black carved glass, with an attractive imitation lalique stopper, and may be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge

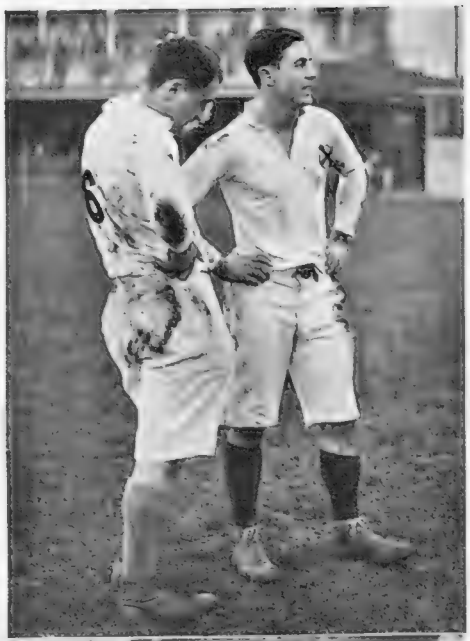
Also, from Finnigan's is this pencil, which has a torch at the point and can therefore be used in the dark. The bracelet below it comes from Harrods. It is of white pristal, studded with coloured stones

Original and very decorative is this Finnigan powder-bowl in coloured enamel on silver gilt. The clock on the lid is an excellent time-keeper, and has diamond hands

Sleeves are growing daily more elaborate in design. The one pictured on the left adds width to narrow shoulders, while the other is flattering to over-pointed elbows



Every woman will appreciate Finnigan's new Racing Bag. It is made in brown crocodile, and contains everything required for race meetings. It is compact and easy to carry



Fettesian-Lorettonians in Town

Above: Flight-Lieut. J. Lawson, Secretary R.A.F. Rugby Club, and R. H. Waterhouse, a Fettesian-Lorettonian

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Swan Song

Left: P.M.S. Gedge, Scottish International, and W. Nicholson, two of the Fettesian-Lorettonian team beaten by Richmond by 14 points to 9

R. H. O'Brien, Richmond's Hon. Sec., a linesman for his club against the Fettesian-Lorettonians, and C. H. Gadney, referee

Left: D. I. Brown, the Scottish International, who played back, and F. A. R. Hunter, a three-quarter for the Fettesian-Lorettonians

A RARE season, this. Not only are the darling buds of spring (not my phrase—merely borrowed from some poet or other), not only, then, are these buds and things mistaking mid-winter for spring, but three-quarters and half-backs of genius are flowering on every national tree.

Very awkward it is for the Selectors. In England, Scotland, and Wales there are actually too many good players behind the scrummage, a remarkable and embarrassing state of affairs. By now, when you cast a languid eye upon these poor, halting words of mine, the Selectors will probably have taken the plunge and decided upon the teams for the first International matches.

But spare a thought, I beg you, for those agonised committee meetings. Picture the scenes as the strong men wrestle with their problems behind locked doors. Hear, in imagination, the dulcet tones, the gentle phrases employed by Mr. John Daniell as he sings the praises of some super forward, the passion and eloquence of Mr. Bob Oakes as he pleads for subtle artistry rather than brute force in attack.

IN all seriousness, the situation is piquant, if I may steal a beautiful adjective from the newspaper headlines. In England we have Cranmer, Heaton, Leyland, Bowker, and Tallent jostling one another for places; in Scotland they no sooner discover that Grieve is a stand-off half of genius than R. W. Shaw comes muscling in with some superb performances for the Barbarians; in Wales they hesitate between Idwal Rees, Claude Davey, and Wilfred Wooller in the centre, and the genius of Cliff Jones at stand-off half is challenged by the astonishing precocity of the brilliant young W. H. T. Davies.

Not for many years have there been so many remarkable attacking players. We should be able, therefore, to lean back and anticipate another golden age of Rugby football.

THAT the players behind the scrummage are uncommonly good, I grant you, but I see no signs that the forwards are any better than a lot of soused mackerel. I can say this without fear or favour, choosing my phrases with delicacy and sensibility, because, by the time any forward brings his intelligence to bear upon my remarks, I shall, with any luck, be steaming south to Naples. Soused mackerel, I repeat, then, which means that the best backs in the world will be starved and wasted.

I dare say we shall see some brilliant individualism at Twickenham and Swansea and Murrayfield—after all, you can't keep a good man down, and if Heaton and Shaw and Jones and the rest of them don't score some scintillating tries before the season is out, I will eat spaghetti for the rest of my life. But you cannot, by the same token, make bricks without straw, and the only straw about the modern forward is to be observed sticking in his hair.

Bear with your correspondent, kind reader, while he has his last cut at the Deplorable State of Modern Scrummaging. To say that it is deplorable is an euphemism. To call it anything at all is an euphemism, for scrummaging no longer exists. Call it huddling, if you will, or scrambling, or leaning, or muddling, or bending, or crowding, or flocking, or anything that your ingenuity may suggest but scrummaging, for scrummaging it certainly is not. And while our forwards forget that it is their primary duty to immolate themselves in service to their backs, Rugby football will continue to go steadily and relentlessly to the dogs.

THIS year the All-Blacks, those ruthless gentlemen, will be with us, and I have no doubt that we shall be able to oppose them with an attack which should reach their own high standards of speed and brilliance. But what in the world are we to do about the All-Black forwards, large, heavy, knobbly persons who will shove the England pack straight through the north stand at Twickenham? I suggest that it is time we gave this problem some serious consideration. South Africa, with an indifferent attack, pushed us clean off the map a couple of years ago, and if we are to beat New Zealand, as we should, we must immediately begin to think constructively of scrummaging.

Let us suppose, for instance, that Mr. John Daniell were given a free hand in this matter by the Rugby Union, and allowed to pick his raw material and train it on principles which he understands as well as any man alive. Let us suppose that the Barbarians greatly extended their fixture-list, and played matches here, there, and everywhere, taking on all comers who could offer them games, giving the Services teams much-needed practice, and basing their team all the while upon John Daniell's pack. Is it not reasonable to suppose that a real pack could be built up in this way, a pack which would set an example to clubs throughout the country?

That is the point, the example which would be set by a properly drilled pack which knew how to shove and wheel and control the game forward. It would be a missionary effort which the Rugby Union might well back for the good of the game, and, in my opinion, some such gesture is essential if we are to preserve all that is best in Rugby football. There is no doubt whatever that the whole character of the game is changing, and that unless real forward play is revived by precept and example, the most valuable characteristics of Rugby football will be irretrievably lost.

WELL, there it is. The Crusty Spectator has stirred uneasily in his arm-chair and had his say. And now, I repeat, I am off to Naples and places where they sing, and I can only hope that you will be good children while I am away, and shove hard, and keep your little backs properly hollowed.

Rugby Clubs at Home: The Beauties of Bath at the "Rec"

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

"Shammer" Weeks

Peter Moon

"Chops" Gough

Jerry Gerrard, captain

Arnold Ridley, match sec. Inventor of "ghost train-ing"

Dr. R. Scott-Reid, chairman

"Chinny" Moore

Dick James

Bill Barbar, vice-captain

Derrick Wilson

E. F. Simpkins, sec.

Jimmy Wills, treas.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The President's Putter

ON January 11th play will start in the tournament for the President's Putter of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, on the links of the Rye Golf Club. As usual, this is the first important golfing event of the year.

At this meeting there are now, in addition to the Putter, two other competitions—namely, the Croome Shield and the Secretary's Niblick.

The members of this Society have little opportunity for meeting each other. The only occasions on which a moderate number gather together are on the Annual Tours, which take place, as a rule, on alternate years in Scotland and the Liverpool district, and the two annual matches against the Universities at Oxford and Cambridge. It was chiefly in order to give the members an opportunity of meeting each other, and especially in order that the young ones could become acquainted with the old ones, that this competition was started in 1920.

The Rye Golf Club very kindly gave permission for the tournament to be played on its links, where it has been played since its inception, and where the writer and many others hope it always will be played.

The late Mr. J. L. Low presented as the prize a wooden putter which was built by Philp, and used by Hugh Kircaldy, brother of the more famous Andrew, when he won the Open Championship in 1891. I have little doubt that Mr. Low, who was a most beautiful striker of the ball on the putting-green, wielded it to better advantage than its original owner, who was by no means a bad putter.

The winners receive, very rightly, nothing but honour and glory for their victory. They are, in fact, out of pocket, as they have to pay for the privilege of having their balls attached to the club. The winner does not even have possession of the Putter for the year in which he holds it. It lives in a glass case in the Rye Golf Club House and, as a rule, only emerges twice a year—firstly to be photographed, and secondly, to have another ball attached.

THE late Mr. A. C. M. Croome was always anxious that a competition by foursome play should be held annually, alternately at Oxford and Cambridge. Each pair was to consist of two members from the same college, and each college could enter as many pairs as it wished. The idea was admirable, but, unfortunately, impracticable, as few could afford the time and many could not afford the expenses for such a meeting. Mr. Croome presented the society with a shield, which is competed for by pairs from the same college on the day before the competition for the Putter starts. Stroke Rule 4 (2) of the Rules of Golf is cancelled for this competition. It is unfortunate that Mr. Croome, who was a great advocate of foursome play, had a dislike for medal play. The only way this shield could be competed for and a good entry received was, however, by medal play, a compromise which has worked to the satisfaction of all, except, perhaps, those whose partners have not been at the top of their game.

IN 1933, chiefly at the instigation of Sir Harold Gillies, a subsidiary competition was inaugurated for those who, through their own fault or so-called bad luck, had been defeated on the first day of the Putter competition. Sir Harold presented a weird and wonderful niblick, fashioned under his own supervision by the local blacksmith, which possessed an enormous head, a corkscrew shaft, and prickles all over; consequently, it was nearly impossible to touch it, and quite impossible to swing it. Sir Harold's club has now been replaced by a proper niblick of considerable age, presented by Stuart Paton, the Mussolini of Woking Golf Club, and an honorary member of the Society.

Partners are decided by ballot, and by the luck of the draw the first winners were men who played together nearly every week-end and had played together in foursomes on numerous occasions.

THE Putter very rightly was won at the first meeting by the best amateur golfer of the day, and, in my opinion, the best amateur player this country has produced since the war—E. W. E. Holderness. Holderness followed up this victory by winning the next three years, and yet again in 1929. In 1925 and 1930 he reached the final before suffering defeat. Bernard Darwin, the captain of the Royal and Ancient Club (how often we read these words!), was the first player to deprive Holderness of the Putter, and also the first Cambridge man to win it. It is very nearly as difficult to win the Putter as to win an Amateur Championship. Two members who have won the Amateur Championship have yet to hang a ball on the Putter—namely, C. J. H. Tolley and E. Martin Smith. Tolley has reached the final three times, but on each occasion has had the misfortune to run up against Holderness playing at his best, while the best Martin Smith has done at this meeting is to be unsuccessful in the final of the Secretary's Niblick. Every winner of the Putter has represented his country at the game of golf except A. J. Peech. If Peech had had more time to play and practise, it is extremely probable that he also would have won international honours. Peech was the first member to win both the Putter and the Niblick, and is at the present time the only player who has done so.

The Putter has been won 7½ times by an amateur or ex-amateur champion, and twice by ex-English champions, out of the fifteen occasions on which the tournament has been played. The half occurs because, in the final of 1926, play was stopped on account of darkness, when, after twenty-four holes, R. H. Wethered and E. F. Storey were all square. It was decided they should hold the Putter jointly for the year.

In last week's article, line 10 from foot of first column, "women from six" should read "women from four."

Golf in Australia

J. Thomson (U.S.A.) holding his £1000 cheque, given for winning the open title of the Centenary Golf Championship at Melbourne, and J. McLean (Scotland), winner of the Amateur title, with the two gold cups presented by Lord Huntingfield

A Masonic Master

W. Stephen, the North Berwick golf professional, who, though only twenty-five, has been installed as Right Worshipful Master of Lodge St. Baldred, No. 313, North Berwick

A Royal Golfer

Prince Jaime, second son of King Alfonso, and his fiancée, Viscountess Manuela Dampierre, daughter of Donna Vittoria Ruspoli, Princess of Poggiosuasa, both keen golfers, on the links at Rome

Golf Clubs at Home

Bradford, Yorkshire

(1) Dr. J. D. E. Williams (captain). (2) Dr. H. Gibson and Dr. N. B. Sproat (ex-president, and chairman of house committee). (3) Donald Watson and T. Morgan (ex-captains). (4) Norman Hackett (ex-president of the Yorkshire Golf Union) and J. E. Fattorini (ex-president). (5) Lt.-Com. W. Harper (secretary), H. Gratton (chairman of greens committee, and an ex-president) and S. Jones (committee). (6) Percy Clough (ex-president of the English Golf Union) and Capt. George Sturrock (chairman of handicap committee). (7) G. H. Blackburn (hon. sec. in 1891 and an ex-president) and G. E. Naylor (committee). (8) T. H. Moorhouse (hon. treasurer), J. D. Knowles (ex-captain), and W. A. Allan (committee). (9) J. H. Garnett (ex-president) and J. W. Garnett (ex-president and ex-captain). (10) G. A. Elsey, the steward, and O. Sanderson, the pro

Women's Golf:

Lessons: By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Nancy Jupp

Present girl champion, and the youngest who ever held the title

All Scotch: Three Girl Champions, Past and Present

Above: Miss Nan Baird (St. Nicholas) driving from the first tee in the "Bystander" Northern Foursomes. She is the present Scottish champion, who won at Stoke Poges in 1929

Miss Jessie Anderson

Who won at Stoke Poges in 1933, and was Scottish runner-up in 1934. She was also runner-up in the "Bystander" Northern Foursomes in 1934 and semi-finalist in the Scottish Foursomes

"Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes

Owing to extensive alterations to the Clubhouse and Ladies' Course at Royal Mid-Surrey, the "Bystander" One-day Spring Medal Foursomes will be held at St. George's Hill, by most kind invitation, on Friday, April 12th, NOT at Royal Mid-Surrey.

"Bystander" Medals and Challenge Cup

Results of the December Medal will appear in the "Bystander" of January 15th, when the winner of the Yearly Challenge Cup, for the greatest number of "Bystander" Spoons won in 1934, will also be announced

DEAR BYSTANDER,

WOULD it be out of order for me to say a personal "Thank you" here to a very great many readers, particularly Girls' Championship ones, for delightful Christmas greetings, and apologise to all the ones I did not manage to greet myself?

I have also had some really interesting topics sent to me for discussion, so that other folk seem to have managed the Christmas hurly-burly better than I did. One of these shall be dealt with in a moment, but, in passing, a word of congratulation seems due to Miss Fishwick, Miss Gourlay, and Miss Julia Hill for grand work at the People's Dispensaries for Sick Animals' Christmas market. The golfers always lend a big hand with the efforts of this fine organisation to raise the ever-needful funds, and the Sports Stall returned a steady £24. No doubt there are plenty of golfers having a try for the P.D.S.A. competition, in which the prize is a cricket bat autographed by the entire Australian Test Team of 1934. Particulars and entry forms can be had from the P.D.S.A. Sanatorium, Woodford Bridge Road, Ilford, Essex.

NOW for the topic. A very famous golfer writes me that in her part of the country others "will not take lessons, and think they are good enough, which makes me so angry. They really must get an orthodox style if they want to be first class. It is not the question of money with them all: it is laziness and too pleased with themselves. The girls, or women, in the other part of the country work at it. Here, oh, no! . . . . will not take lessons, and she would be quite first class if she did. She also laughs at those that do, and says it just puts people off. . . . Ah! If the younger ones would only take lessons, if they can afford it."

Now there is a great deal to be said in support of my correspondent's plea that rising golfers should have lessons, and she must not think I disagree with her if I add one qualification, the word "good" before lessons, and conclude by saying that good lessons are not by themselves enough.

But I am with her every time when she says it is sheer folly to believe that a professional can teach you nothing, however good you may be: Miss Enid Wilson never went to a Championship, even after she had several to her credit, without a week's tuition with Tom Williamson just prior to the event. Tempting competition play or other engagements had to be put aside; it was the pro. who must teach and tune her up.

LAST spring the two Misses Barton, although they were already started well on the way to be first-class golfers, leapt at the chance of coaching from Archie Compston, with the result that Miss Pam Barton was runner-up in the Open and a British teamster, and her sister was one of the young players who showed real promise in the English Championship. Miss Phyllis Wade, the new English champion, admittedly owes her title to the splendid coaching of Reggie Whitcombe and her own Ferndown pro., Randall. A number of critics at Seacroft last October were of the definite opinion that if Miss Mary Johnson, at present self-taught, were to have a few such lessons she would be equal to anybody in the kingdom. Mrs. Clement, the Northern champion, is always ready to acknowledge the help she can get by a visit to Tom Brace, the Ringway pro.; Mrs. J. B. Watson, Mrs. J. B. Walker, Miss Gourlay, and many others, too many to enumerate, are all ready to take lessons and benefit from them.

The day is long past when you could win first-class events without first-class orthodox style. Competition nowadays is so fierce that second best cannot succeed. There are days, I grant, when the same fine scores may be returned by the unorthodox golfer, but those days cannot be depended on, and the greater the stress and the wish to produce them, the less likely are they to come on demand, unless there is the really sound, perfect style behind them. You are dead tired, many holes down, you have gone out badly, yet if your style is perfect you may still pull yourself together and retrieve a seemingly hopeless position. If your style is wrong, you can only go from bad to worse.

But I am convinced that one can grow too dependant on a teacher, and here, I am sure, my correspondent would agree with me, for nobody has worked out theories more conscientiously for herself, or studied more to make what she has learnt her own. At golf, as at other things, one should learn in order to be able to teach oneself. The player who must fly back to a pro. the instant something goes wrong, because she does not know how to put it right for herself, is altogether to be pitied. If she has really assimilated good teaching, not merely learnt it off like a parrot, she will be able to apply what she has learnt, will have worked out her own theories from those of her pro., and so be doubly equipped.

YES, undoubtedly, if I were a young golfer, either on the threshold of fame, or at the height of it, I should not be content without the best lessons within reach.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

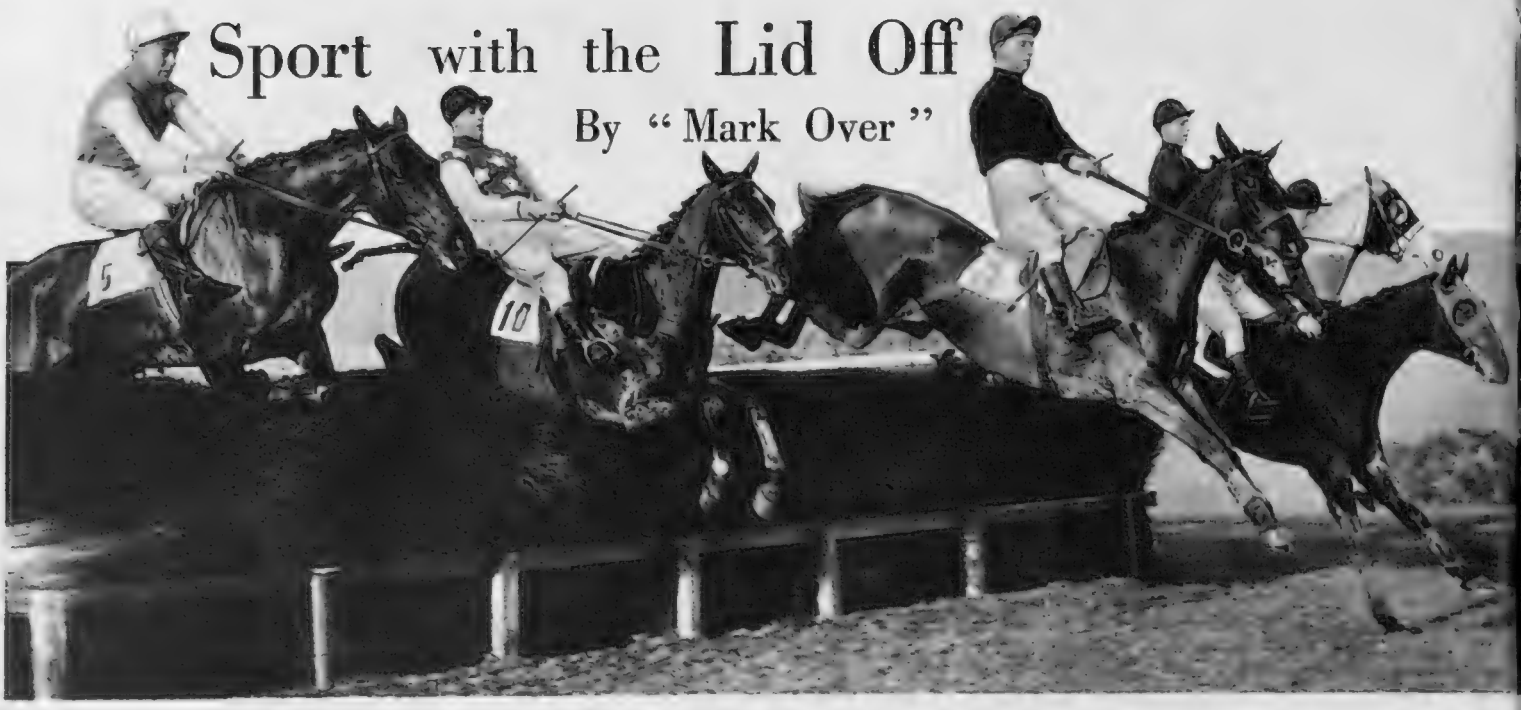
The hard, wooden sound of the ball spinning above the wheel the crowded tables, the formal cries of the *croupiers* as they indulge in their time-honoured ritual, must ever exercise an irresistible fascination on anyone entering the Rooms, the very Temple of Fortune of our days. Here millions of francs have been — are being — lost and won. Though empires may crumble into dust within a week, the gambler is immortal. The Russian Grand-Dukes have gone, only to be replaced by other figures, newer, it is true, but no less strange. No gap is ever left in the perpetual motion of the Rooms.

Osbert Sitwell

MONTE CARLO

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"



'Chasing at Newbury

The field take the first jump in the Lambourne Handicap Steeplechase, at the Newbury Meeting. The winner, Reynoldstown, is to be seen on the extreme left and is numbered five. Overleaf is number ten, and Loyal Prince is number eleven

We 've put the Old Year well behind us now. And who 's sorry? Not I, for one. As I have said before, Britain did not have a bad time of it in 1934—we put ourselves well back on the sport map—but with it all there went a certain amount of bitterness.

As it was, in the last week of the year we got the "body-line" controversy thrown into our faces again. As you know, the Australian Cricket Board of Control met and made references to the fact that the Notts County Club had made an apology for a couple of overs which Voce sent down at Trent Bridge against the Australian tourists. Well, there was quite a bother about it all, and in the end, apparently to clear the air, Notts issued an official statement which showed pretty plainly that they had apologised, through the M.C.C., for incidents in the game against the "Aussies."

Of course, all this was good for the yellowest of our yellow journalists. Quite irresponsible—and sadly ill-informed—newspaper-men got busy with their jazz journalism, with the result that there are not a few folk who are exceedingly bitter about the whole sorry business.

As I see it, the Australians would have been well-advised to have accepted the Notts apology and left it all at that. But no; they had to trot it out in public. Really, it was shockingly bad taste on their part—indeed, there was just a hint that they were having a nice little "crow" over the way things had gone. However, the facts have been broadcast to the world, the critics have said their say, and now let us earnestly hope we are to hear the last of fast leg-theory bowling and "body-line" and the rest of this ballyhoo which is killing the spirit of cricket.

Perhaps the greatest tonic to all this rumpus is to be found in the West Indies, where cricket is played as it should be—in the happy spirit of the village green. Sure enough, you get your back-to-the-wall play. When the game is over, however, there is no rancour, but just the knowledge that a crowd of good fellows have matched their skill one against another.

I am set thinking thus by the M.C.C. touring team's match against Barbados at Bridgetown. Now, your average English county team will sit grimly on the splice when facing a representative side. Do the Barbados players adopt that method? Not a bit of it. Look at that dashing batsman, Sealey, cracking on the runs at one-a-minute rate; and again, an opening stand in which that fine player, E. L. Hoad, helped to send up the 100 in quick time.

Mark you, if our county professionals went about their batting in the West Indian style there would be no need for new leg-before-wicket rules to counter the irritating pad-play we have had in post-war years.

Now to a more seasonable subject—"Soccer." Ahead of us lies the round of the Football Association Cup when the big battalions join in the march that leads to Wembley. Who 's for the Final? At this stage of the competition it is difficult to

Two Fine Squash Rackets Teams

Miss Margot Lumb (British champion), Mrs. Strawson, Miss M. Fraser, and Miss A. McOstrich, who represent Queen's Club, have not lost a match this season and are bound to keep the Inter-Club Championship Cup

Miss Gipsy Laurence, Miss Mary McLintock, Mrs. McKechnie (captain), and Miss Marjorie Raphael, who ran Queen's Club very close when playing for the International Sportsmen's Club recently

A Well-

Mr. Fred Armstrong, Court Hill, Letcombe Hanover Square. The is on the left, and

Scotland in Surrey

The Fettesian-Lorettonian's lately paid their short annual visit to London, and are seen above, in white, playing against Richmond on the Athletic Ground. Richmond won by fourteen points to nine

forecast the clubs to fight out the Final, for luck plays a mighty big part in Cup-ties. For instance, the best side in the country may suddenly be hard hit by injuries—and presto! another likely club has fallen by the wayside.

It is this uncertainty, of course, which makes the Cup competition so fascinating. We are always waiting for the little chap to bob up and send the big fellow such a terrific purler. For instance, who among us is not half-wishing Yeovil—the "unknown" club—will beat Liverpool, of the First Division? Some folk are tipping Liverpool for the Cup; yet they may well slip at Yeovil, for the Western club's ground is difficult to play on. As someone put it to me, the slope on the Yeovil ground is worth a goal to the little Somerset club—and one goal will often win a Cup-tie.

HOWEVER, to get back to "spotting" the Cup winners. Perhaps the best tip just now is Sunderland. Top of the First Division table at the moment, Sunderland have been playing impressive football since the season's start. They have, too, got together one of their finest sides for many years; both in attack and defence the men are 100 per cent. good.

What has impressed me about the club, however, has been the clear-cut manner in which they have triumphed in matches on opponents' grounds. Until they met Everton during the Christmas holidays, the team had not been defeated away from home—proof positive that as fighters Sunderland are magnificent. And fighting spirit brings success in the Cup. So watch Sunderland.

AND now to boxing. First let us discuss the strange ways of Max Baer, the "slap-stick" champion. When Baer gave out that he would defend his world's heavyweight title over four rounds against King Levinsky, most of us thought it the best joke of the year. But Baer was serious enough—and defend his title he did.

The American has acted so clownishly since he took the championship from Primo Carnera last June that we were beginning to wonder just how good he really was. This quick victory over Levinsky proves positively that, despite all his buffoonery, he is a real fighter. Levinsky, you may recall, met Don McCorkindale, the likeable South African boxer, not so very many months ago in the States, and badly battered the British heavyweight.

Indeed, Levinsky punished McCorkindale so severely that the South African's ring career was practically ended after that fight. At any rate, he only had one or two contests on his return from America and then left the ring to start a gymnasium.

Well, McCorkindale was good enough to trounce most of our English heavyweights! And yet the man who tumbled him to defeat couldn't last more than a round and a half against Max Baer. So there we are: on the evidence we must take off our hats to the world's champion.

MEANWHILE, how about our own Jack Petersen? He is due to meet the German, Walter Neusel, at Wembley next month. And, so far as I can gather, he is preparing for the fight very seriously. Petersen is a wise young man. He realises now that his tactics against the veteran George Cook damaged his reputation in the eyes of the British boxing public. He was too ca' canny. He was expected to knock out Cook in a couple of rounds, and yet, there he was at the end of fifteen rounds still poking out his left to gather points! It wasn't good enough!

Against Neusel we are likely to see the old Petersen. The young Welshman's plan of campaign will probably be to go in and try to secure a quick victory. If he can succeed in doing this, then he will regain all the prestige he lost in that Albert Hall affair against Cook.

Many folk are decrying Petersen just now. It is a mistake. The champion is the best of our boxing stock at the moment; he has it in him to do great things—let us "cry" Petersen every time and all the time.

A Proud Father

F. R. Burrow, the well-known lawn tennis referee, who played for Oxford in times past, with his daughter, Barbara, who made her début as a player in the Junior Covered Court Tournament at Dulwich

Known Trainer Weds

the Middleham trainer, and Miss Maureen Greenwood, of Regis, photographed after their wedding at St. George's, bridegroom's father, who is also a well-known trainer, his best man, Mr. Pat Beasley, on the right

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JANUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

This front view of the new Ford model shows its very clean design. The number of excrescences is reduced to the minimum, and this is by far the best method of combating wind-resistance

Although conforming to modern "streamline" notions, the Ford "£7 10s. Tax" model provides plenty of body space. It looks, and is, a practical and sturdy little car

Cars with a Personality

The Ford "£7 10s. Tax" Model

By The Earl of Cardigan

An interesting feature is the complete absence of running-boards. The chassis frame being low to the ground, it is really easier to get in and out without such "aids"

Something new in gear levers. The knob of this Ford lever rotates, and controls the direction indicators. Note the useful cubby-hole, occupying half the instrument panel

The engine is of modest size, but develops remarkable power. The electric battery is well placed, since, being accessible, it is likely to receive its fair share of attention

THE Ford "£7 10s. Tax" model is, I take it, so called in order to emphasise that its efficient little engine actually develops something vastly in excess of the mere 10-h.p. at which it is rated.

All modern "Tens," of course, are, in actual fact, 30 h.p. or even 40 h.p. cars when developing their full power. With the Ford, one realises this very clearly as soon as one first has occasion to put one's foot down firmly on the accelerator. The response is remarkable: indeed, I can think of no ordinary small "family" car which will accelerate with greater vigour, or "get off the mark" more swiftly.

IN addition to power, there is plenty of speed available. A good 40 m.p.h. can be reached in second gear, and in top gear 60 m.p.h. can be exceeded. There is a little roughness at low speeds; but thereafter, and until the maximum "revs." are approached, the engine runs consistently more happily as the pace increases. A particularly pleasant cruising speed is reached at about 45 m.p.h.

The gear-box is of the three-speed type, with synchro-mesh top and second ratios. Gear-changing problems are virtually non-existent, since only on an exceptionally steep gradient would one ever require to change down into bottom gear. Normally, "second" can always be used so long as the car is on the move.

The brakes are of useful power, and the steering is pleasantly light, although differing from the ordinary in having no self-centring action. An excellent feature is the very small turning circle, making the car unusually handy in thick traffic.

The springing is of the transverse variety, to which the Ford Company has been faithful for very many years. One of its good qualities is that it resists any tendency to "roll" on corners.

The coachwork is of unusual interest, not so much because of its "streamline" form (the aerodynamic value of which I imagine to be slight), but rather because of its complete freedom from useless running-boards. When a car is built low to the ground, the latter are totally unnecessary; and it is very much to the credit of the Ford designer that they have now been abolished in the "£7 10s. Tax" model.

THERE are many other good points; but, in summing up, one's mind must return chiefly to the performance of an exceptionally lively little engine. For power and acceleration, this latest Ford compares well with any small car, quite regardless of price. Actually, it sells at an extremely modest figure, the double-entrance saloon costing only £145, or £150 10s. with leather upholstery.

What's On

(Continued from page A)

OPERA AND BALLET

At the Old Vic:

Lohengrin: January 9th, 7.45.

Die Fledermaus: January 10th, 8.

Lohengrin: January 11th, 7.45.

Uncle Remus, Casse Noisette: January 12th, 2.30.

Madam Butterfly: January 12th, 8.

Fête Polonaise, Giselle: January 14th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Winter Promenades.—Sir Henry Wood and the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

Russian Concert: to-night.

Handel-Bach: January 9th.

British Concert: January 10th.

Beethoven: January 11th.

Popular programme to conclude, with Maggie Teyte, John Brownlee, and Pouishnoff, January 12th.

Recitals

Beatrice Harrison and William Brownlow.—'Cello and song recital: Wigmore Hall, January 9th, 8.15.

Cyril Smith.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, January 11th, 8.30.

Wilfrid Blunt.—Song recital: Wigmore Hall, January 12th, 3.

Etienne Amyot.—With the Brosa String Quartet: Wigmore Hall, January 14th, 8.15.

EXHIBITION

British Industrial Art: Burlington House.

CIRCUSES

Bertram Mills' Circus: Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30.

Circus and Fair: Agricultural Hall.

A Grand Continental Circus: Crystal Palace, 2.30 and 7.30.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

Blue Train.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

Café Anglais.—Special cabarets; Java's Tzigane Orchestra, and Louis Simmonds' band: extension night, Friday.

Café de Paris.—Douglas Byng is here; Jack Harris and his band play: extension night, Wednesday.

Café de la Paix.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant, Augustus Franzel's orchestra in the grill.

Carlton.—Dancing on Tuesdays; specila band and cabaret, and extension.

Dorchester.—"Les Girls" in a 1935 edition of Midnight Follies, plus some first-class turns, appear at midnight: extension night, Thursday.

Grosvenor House.—Monte Carlo Follies, Christmas edition: extension night, Thursday.

San Marco.—The new Venetian restaurant in Devonshire House; Maurice Winnick's band plays for dancing; no cabaret: extension night, Wednesday.

Theatre Restaurant.—Small, but excellent; a good chef and a good cellar; Ricci, late of the Savoy and Claridge's, is in charge (opposite Tivoli).

Villa Rodet.—The place for Russian food; music by Theodor Guitter's band: extension night, Tuesday.

Ballrooms

Silver Rose Ball.—In aid of the National Society of Day Nurseries: Claridge's, January 10th (postponed from December 19th).

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Into 1935 at High Speed

By Charles Ward

Swaebe

Personalities at Heston: Captain Birkett, the well-known air-taxi proprietor and pilot, is seen with his wife in the Clubhouse at Heston Prince Omar Halim, on the right, is the owner of a "Hawk Major," and is flying to Egypt shortly.

The Flight of a "Comet"

FLYING at an average speed of 200 miles an hour, Kenneth Waller and Franchomme, the latter a well-known Belgian pilot, carried Christmas mails from Brussels to the Belgian Congo and back again, using the same green "Comet" which took fourth place in the MacRobertson Trophy Race and was afterwards flown back to England by Waller and his co-pilot, Cathcart Jones. The 'plane was modified to carry 300 lb. of mail by fitting smaller petrol tanks, giving a reduced range of 2000 miles instead of 3000, for which it was originally designed. Bare statistics are astonishing—the total distance covered approached 9000 miles, and the time spent in the air was 44½ hours. The pilots left Brussels on December 20th, and arrived back again on the 28th, having spent three days in Leopoldville to await the return mail to many of the letters carried on the outward journey. In four minutes less than five hours they covered the stage from Brussels to Oran, Algeria, which is an average of 227 miles an hour. The passage of the Mediterranean occupied no more than 30 minutes. The fastest stage on the return journey was the same—Oran-Brussels at 228 miles an hour. The "Comet" is certainly the outstanding achievement in British design during last year, combining as it does immense range with high speed, low operating cost and reliability. Incidentally, Kenneth Waller was awarded the Order of the Lion of Africa by the King of the Belgians in appreciation of his wonderful flight. The green "Comet," which is the property of Bernard Rubin, is available for private charter, with Waller as pilot. His base is Lympne Airport, Kent; telephone, Hythe 6123.

A Spanish Armada

WE keep on selling aeroplanes and engines, with their accompanying gadgets, lethal and otherwise, to foreign Powers, all of which is good for the export trade figures, but one day may be bad for our peace of mind. Many foreign Air Forces are trained on British machines, the latest order coming from Spain a few weeks before Christmas. One of the conditions of the contract for twelve Moth Majors was that they were to be delivered before the end of 1934, and this entailed something in the way of a record for rapid construction to get them completed before the factory closed for the Christmas holidays. There was still the problem of delivery. No Continental goods train could be guaranteed to make Madrid before the end of the year. Obviously they must be flown out, but where find twelve pilots willing to give up Christmas at home for the doubtful pleasure of a murky journey, as forecast by the weather prophets? de Havillands were dubious, but G. M. Cox, one of the instructors at the Hatfield Flying School, took on the job at a contract rate and secured eleven other sportsmen willing to take a busman's holiday, including J. A. Harris, chief instructor to the London Club, and Peter de Havilland, son of the designer. The "Armada" of twelve Moths left Hatfield on the day before Christmas and proceeded by easy stages to Cuatro Vientos, Madrid, flying in formation and arriving in good order with a day or so to spare. The Moth Major is the present edition of the world's finest light aeroplane. It is fitted with a 130-h.p. Gipsy engine, and costs, with complete equipment, £695.

Modern Aids to Beauty

Lenare

Grape-fruit, orange and lettuce are present in many of Marguerite Hoare's excellent preparations. Everyone should go to 15, Bruton Street, for a Cocktail Beauty Treatment. It is a mental tonic and is soothing to the nerves

IN the olden days it was the custom among women of leisure to spend many hours concocting from herbs creams and lotions with which to beautify themselves. This was done individually, as Beauty Specialists were unknown. The results were successful up to a point, but, owing to lack of knowledge of science and hygiene, blemishes of the skin were camouflaged rather than cured. Such things as diet were not taken into consideration, so that a bad complexion, caused by an excess of rich foods, would require several layers of cream and powder to cover up the blemishes.

To-day, however, the care of the skin has been brought to a fine art by such talented specialists as Marguerite Hoare, of 15, Bruton Street. She considers that perfect skin health is the foundation to beauty, and her booklet, entitled *Of Interest to Every Discriminating Woman*, should be studied by all. It will be sent gratis and post free.

IN creating her skin foods and lotions, Marguerite Hoare recognises the value of introducing herbs and fruit-juices like those used in bygone days, with the result that her preparations are some of the finest in the world. For the older woman she recommends Orange Skin Food, to be applied with gentle massage at night. This removes wrinkles and adds new life to a tired skin. For very dry skins, Crème d'Emeraud acts as a wonderful foundation cream. It gives a velvety bloom to the complexion, and lasts all day. Crème Verte is another delicious powder base, made from the juice of fresh lettuce-leaves.

Marguerite Hoare is a great believer in cream packs for stimulating a tired skin and removing that grey look which people so often have after a long day. Gloire de Nuit is a pack which will achieve wonders. It should be applied and left on for twenty minutes, and then removed with tissues. It can also be used as a foundation base. Crème Pamplemousse is another invaluable tonic for the skin. It is an astringent cream, with a basis of stimulating grape-fruit juice.

East winds or a smoke-laden, overheated atmosphere have a very disturbing effect on the nose. They frequently cause it to shine or to turn slightly pink. Marguerite Hoare is responsible for a wonderful preparation called Nonshine. It gives the nose a smooth, matt surface, and has a cooling effect, besides lasting all day. It only costs 4s. 6d., and is supplied in containers suitable for carrying in a handbag. Refills are obtainable for 2s. 6d.

A growth of superfluous hair on the face is one of those troubles that are a source of constant annoyance. It may, however, be removed by Marguerite Hoare's depilatory wax, which she guarantees to be harmless to the most delicate skin.

FINALLY, there is the care of the hands, which should not be overlooked, as the skin of these is apt to become dry and wrinkled. Skin food should be patted in last thing at night, and the nails manicured regularly every week to save them from becoming brittle.

Every woman, however, should make a point of visiting Marguerite Hoare in her charming salons. If time is short, there is a special twenty-minute treatment which includes cleansing, face massage, and make-up for 7s. 6d., and for the benefit of those who wish to carry out home treatments, there is a face chart with instructions as to the best way of patting in cleansing cream and skin food, together with a questionnaire for advice on make-up, etc.

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife, in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Last weeks.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Michael Egan's amusing play from the Embassy, with Diana Churchill and Richard Bird as the young couple, plus Henry Hewitt and Ellen Pollock: Shaftesbury, 8.

EDEN END.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine; Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HAMLET.—A fine production and brilliant acting, especially by John Gielgud as Hamlet. George Howe is Polonius; Laura Cowie the Queen; Frank Vosper the King; Jessica Tandy is Ophelia: New, 8. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.15.

LOVERS' LEAP.—A gay and pleasant entertainment, with Owen Nares as a husband, Nora Swinburne as his wife, and Ursula Jeans and Walter Hudd as a half-hearted courting couple: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY READ.—Flora Robson as the eighteenth-century woman buccaneer, and Robert Donat as her adoring, rattled husband, in a swinging play in the romantic style: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.—An Irish play with much talk, dramatic action that makes it a play and no sermon, excellent humour and a good cast: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrienne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Jay Mallory's unconvincing and novelette play made credible by Diana Wynyard's fine acting, and good work by Hartley Power and Kathleen Wilson: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—Cathleen Nesbitt as Kate, Maurice Evans as Petruchio, Vivienne Bennett as Bianca, Andrew Leigh as Sly: Sadler's Wells, 8 (except Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Robert Douglas in Laurence Olivier's part; the theme is grease-paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WHITE-HEADED BOY.—Arthur Sinclair, Maire O'Neill, Sara Allgood, in this revival of Lennox Robinson's play: Embassy, 8.15.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Aileen Marson has taken Celia Johnson's part as heroine: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOUNG MR. DISRAELI.—Derrick de Marney as young Disraeli and Sophie Stewart as Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, in Elswyth Thane's pleasant romance: Piccadilly, 8.30.

With Music

THE BELLE OF NEW YORK.—Another seasonable revival, with Kathleen Burgis as star: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BING BOYS ARE HERE.—George Robey and Violet Loraine in their original parts, with Rebla as the other Bing Boy; new jokes and songs and all the old favourites: Alhambra, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BLACKBIRDS OF 1935.—More and more and faster and faster dancing; Valaida and the 1934 stars are there, plus Kahloah, a newcomer: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

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HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!—Greta Nissen, Douglas Byng, and Reginald Gardner in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—A lively musical comedy, in which the four stars, Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe, Louise Browne, and John Mills blow their bubbles gaily: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LUCKY BREAK.—It 's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE RED ROVER'S REVENGE.—Peter Godfrey's production of this nautical romance: Royalty, 8.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 53.—Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain, and Edna Thompson, Morgan Davies, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

SPORTING LOVE.—In this all-laughing success are Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

STREAMLINE.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast; Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A WALTZ DREAM.—Oscar Strauss's tuneful operetta revived, with Lea Seidl, W. H. Berry, Carl Esmond, Bertram Wallis: Winter Garden, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura la Plante, as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GHOST TRAIN.—A revival of this excellent thriller: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Duke of York's, 8.30.

HALF A CROWN.—The hero is Sydney Howard, sometimes grocer and sometimes Ruritanian King, and he gives some grand laughs; Eliot Makeham, Malcolm Keen, and Eileen Peel are in the cast: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist; Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him, and was murdered; Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—Bernard Lee as the hero of this most successful of crook plays, which has run for over two years: Phœnix, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—The play its audiences almost know by heart: Kingsway, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Christmas Holiday Fare

ALADDIN.—Valda Jesmond as Aladdin, Ivan Menzies, Linga Singh: Prince Edward Theatre, 2 and 7.45.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.—Beryl Laverick as Alice: Duke of York's, matinées, 2.30.

BUCKIE'S BEARS: Scala, matinées, 2.30.

CHARLEY'S AUNT.—Dudley Ralph and Amy Brandon-Thomas: Daly's, 2.30 and 8.30.

CINDERELLA.—Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Prince Charming, June as Cinderella, Billy Danvers, Clarice Hardwicke, Revnell and West, the Three Sailors: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.—Elsie Prince as Dick, George Jackley, Naughton and Gold: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

THE LUCK OF THE NAVY.—Another revival, with Percy Hutchinson as the V.C.: Playhouse, 2.30 and 8.30.

PETER PAN.—Jean Forbes-Robertson as Peter, George Curzon as Mr. Darling and Hook, Marie Löhr as Mrs. Darling, Pamela Stanley as Wendy: Palladium, 2.15.

ROBIN HOOD.—With Gwladys Stanley, Marjorie Binner, Douglas Wakefield: Victoria Palace, 2 and 7.30.

TOAD OF TOAD HALL.—Richard Goolden as Mole, Frederick Burtwell as Toad, John Kidd, George Wray: Royalty, matinées, 2.15.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Edmund Willard as Long John Silver: Piccadilly, matinées, 2.15.

WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE.—Robert Atkins, Billy Thatcher, Esmé Beringer, in this schoolboy adventure play: Savoy, matinées, 2.30.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.—Fortune, 2.30 and 8.15.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: Holborn Empire, matinées, 2.15.

CINEMAS

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.—Dumas's story grandly filmed, with Robert Donat and Elissa Landi: Marble Arch Pavilion.

DAMES.—A comedy picture, with Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, and Zasu Pitts as the girls: Regal.

FORGOTTEN MEN.—The film of actual war pictures: Rialto.

THE GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dance and sing in this gay and amusing musical comedy: Carlton.

THE IRON DUKE.—George Arliss bends the Duke of Wellington's character to his own inimitable style: Tivoli.

LIMEHOUSE BLUES.—Anna May Wong, George Raft, and Jean Parker in a Chinatown melodrama. Also IT 'S A GIFT, a brilliant comedy film with W. C. Fields: Plaza.

LORNA DOONE.—Basil Deane directed this film of Blackmore's story; John Loder and Victoria Hopper play the hero and heroine: Adelphi.

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH.—A thriller that 's full of excitement, with Nova Pilbeam as a kidnapped child, Leslie Banks and Edna Best as the parents, Peter Lorre as the villain: New Gallery.

MICKEY MOUSE.—A Walt Disney programme of Mickey films and coloured Silly Symphonies: Tatler.

THE MIGHTY BARNUM.—Wallace Beery makes a perfect Barnum, Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, and Rochelle Hudson are in the cast: London Pavilion.

THE PAINTED VEIL.—A new and gayer Garbo in the film of Maugham's story, with Herbert Marshall and George Brent: Empire.

REKA.—A Czechoslovakian peasant love-story, beautifully acted and photographed: Academy.

REMOUS.—Jeanne Boitel and Jean Galland as a young couple whose married life is made tragic by a motor accident; well directed and photographed: Curzon.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Leslie Howard as Sir Percy Blakeney, Merle Oberon as Lady Blakeney, Raymond Massey as Chauvelin; a fine holiday film: Leicester Square Theatre.

THERE 'S ALWAYS TO-MORROW.—With Binnie Barnes and Frank Morgan. And a thriller, RETURN OF THE TERROR: Capitol.

(*Continued on page* i)

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A FEW FORTHCOMING SPORTING EVENTS

January 23rd-February 3rd—International bobsleigh week. International 2-seater bobsleigh competition at Igls.

January 26th—Opera Ball in Vienna.

February 8th and 9th—Women's skating World Championship in Vienna.

March 2nd and 3rd—"Madloch" ski race at Lech am Arlberg.

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